Saturday Night

July 18, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

During recent months, we have printed on The Front Page the photographs of several Cabinet Ministers—the impatient, the silent and the troubled. We would be negligent if we did not include in the gallery a dreamer of great dreams, the Hon. Lionel Chevrier, Minister of Transport, and so we reproduce his likeness in the space to the right.

His job in the Cabinet gives Mr. Chevrier an opportunity to dream. He has very efficient boards to look after the tiresome details of railways, air transport, national harbors, marine services and telecommunications, leaving him free to make rousing speeches about such a splendid vision as the St. Lawrence Seaway, and to indulge in feverish little fantasies in which he performs prodigious feats of legerdemain.

It was in one of the latter moods, apparently, that Mr. Chevrier conjured up a pretty fancy of himself as a sort of Santa Claus of the Airways, handing out television channels with fine generosity. Unfortunately, because TV channels cannot be plucked out of nowhere like a politician's promise, he had to take channels from communities to which they already had been

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THE HON. LIONEL CHEVRIER: A dream becomes a nightmare.

EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

MORE PEOPLE PREFER

TOP-RATED..

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

THE LARGEST OIL COMPANY OWNED BY CANADIANS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

assigned by international agreement, if he was to give them to other places. This was quickly arranged—so quickly that no one had much chance to argue about it before it was done—as Santa Claus demonstrated his skill as a juggler.

In these cynical times, however, there are many people who lose their faith in Santa Claus at an early age, and they grow up to suspect that feats of magic are no more than demonstrations of deceptive skill. They questioned both the purpose and method of Mr. Chevrier's pleasant play with the TV channels. Like all dreamers, the Transport Minister was a little vague when it came to reasons, but he indicated that taking channels away from Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, and giving them to Kingston, Sherbrooke and Kitchener was an act of justice, done in the public interest and in accord with the Government's policy for the development of television. In the three big cities, there were channels that were not being used, so why not give them to the small cities? Of course, the small cities already had channels assigned to them, the big communities needed the Very High Frequencies for proper coverage of their huge urban areas, and the channels were idle because the Government blocked their use; but these are piffling considerations.

In any case, Mr. Chevrier thinks everyone will be happy ultimately, because he has a bright vision of replacing the channels he has taken from the three big cities with others obtained from the United States, since that is the only possible source. Presumably, he will do this, if it is possible, by getting the signatory countries of the North American Regional Broadcasting Agreement to approve of his idea, and he gives every sign of being optimistic about getting that approval. But it would appear that he has not shared his dream with those most intimately concerned with an international trade in TV channels.

We were curious about Mr. Chevrier's dream of obtaining new channels, and wondered what substance it had. Apparently he has not taken his Controller of Telecommunications into his confidence, because we asked the Controller, G. C. W. Browne, if he knew of any plan to switch frequencies from the United States to Canada, and his reply was brief: "Unaware of any such proposals." Surely, we thought, Rosel H. Hyde, Chairman of the U.S. Federal Communications Commission, will have heard something about it, since his organization has jurisdiction over all such matters in the United States. But Mr. Hyde replied: "Television channel assignments on Canadian and United States sides of the border have been made on basis of mutual agreement. Do not know of any proposals for changes from one side of border to other." So we called Mr. Chevrier, but he was not disposed to discuss the matter in any detail over the telephone. Indeed, he got into a bit of a tizzy, suggested that any questions be submitted in writing, and hung up. The dream, perhaps, had become a nightmare.

So we are still puzzled, by the odd manner in which the TV channels in three of the largest cities in Canada have been juggled, and by the Minister's expectation of being able to pluck new channels out of the North American air. Possibly when Mr. Chevrier gets to Ottawa for another term (which seems to be a certainty, in view of his tender regard for his constituents), he will share his dreams, and then we will all know what he is about.

The Front Page

Election Confusion

THE LONDON *Times* carried the headline "Liberals Returned to Power in Ontario" over a report on the recent provincial election in Manitoba. The Winnipeg *Free Press* thought that Manitoba people would readily understand a slip of this kind "although it is something of a surprise to find that there are well-informed journalists in London who think that Winnipeg is the capital of Ontario. But Ontario subscribers . . . must have got something of a shock." Possibly the writer of the headline did not think there were enough people, apart from Mounties, outside Ontario, to make an election worthwhile.

Ashley & Crippen

MISS WINIFRED NEEDLER: Mummies fascinate editors.

From Ancient Egypt

AFTER READING in the newspapers that a 4000-year-old mummy in the Royal Ontario Museum had had an official change of sex from female to male, we sought further details from Miss Winifred Needler, who is the Museum's curator of Egyptology. She was amused by "that old story cropping up again." The mummy had been wrongly identified owing to an error in cataloguing, she said, but the mistake had been spotted about a year ago. Meanwhile, the newspapers returned to it like a dog to a buried bone.

"I think that Egyptian mummies hold a sort of fascination for editors," she said. "It's a good thing there is such an interest, mind you, but we have so many other engrossing things here, such as colored pottery which was made over 3000 years ago, before the birth of Christ, and which is still sound enough to hold liquids."

Miss Needler started us on a tour of her section of the Museum. We paused before a cylindrical wooden box, about the size of a large loaf of bread. Set into the top, in ten rows of three, were smooth clay discs which gave the whole the appearance of an elongated checkerboard. "It's Senet," Miss Needler said. "Senet was a game played by two people with five counters each. We haven't quite figured out the method yet, but it's something like checkers. Many Egyptologists are studying the game, and I hope to have an article written within the next few months, giving my version. This board was one of the many wonderful gifts from Dr. C. T. Currelly, who accompanied the famous Flinders Petrie on some expeditions and made several discoveries himself. It's largely through the efforts of Dr. Currelly that we have such a good collection here."

As we went along, Miss Needler translated the drawings and symbols which line the walls and decorate the various stones and tapestries. "You would be amazed at how quickly the subject gets a grip on you," she said. "I got into it almost by accident, after graduating from the University of Toronto and starting at the Museum as a cataloguer. I went on to study at Yale after that, and then, almost before I knew it, I was in Egypt myself, puttering about the Pyramids and learning to read the ancient script. The dry climate has kept the relics of the old civilization in remarkably good condition through the thousands of years that have passed."

As we prepared to leave, two schoolgirls approached, and one of them asked, "Can you tell us the way to the mummies, please?" Miss Needler shrugged her shoulders. "Straight through the next two galleries," she said. "And keep left."

Neurotic Squirrels

THE SQUIRRELS of the San Fernando Valley in California are "adolescent and neurotic," according to officials of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, who are irritated by the squirrely habit of chewing away the protective lead sheathing on the company's cables. There has been some talk about hiring psychiatrists to straighten out the behavior patterns of the squirrels, but we doubt if they would accomplish much. Squirrels are unstable creatures at best, and they never seem to outgrow their neurotic adolescence. We would suggest to the PT and T people that a squirrel's stomach is a much more trustworthy organ than its brain, and that they take their problem to a reliable dietician.

A Letter of Protest

THERE ARE many people in the West who think that we should never speak roughly to the Russians and that when we are forced to make a protest to them it should always be cloaked in the proper diplomatic verbiage. That way, they say, the Russians will not get an opportunity to be really nasty to us. There are Canadians who hold this view, and they were very upset when the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian Congress of Labor sent a stiff letter to the Russians the other day, complaining about the "murderous repression" used by the Soviet authorities "to stifle the right of working-class protest" in East Germany.

Our sympathies are with the labor organizations. Their critics undoubtedly are quite right in saying that the protest will do nothing to change Russian policy and may well be used for propaganda against us. But we can see no harm in letting the Russians know that Canada's labor unions are shocked and sickened by the ruthless treatment meted out by the Communists to the people they have enslaved. And as for fearing the propaganda value of the protest—well, even

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when we are on our best behavior, the Communist mills grind out a steady stream of vituperation against us. One has only to read the monitored reports of Moscow Radio to see how they do it.

If the Canadian Government can look with more indifference than the labor organizations on recent happenings in East Germany and other enslaved states, it can inform the Russians that the protest was not a reflection of official opinion. There is a traditional procedure for this sort of ducking of responsibility. But no amount of diplomatic camouflage will hide the feeling that found expression in the letter of the labor bodies: the deep sympathy of workers in Canada for their counterparts suffering behind the Iron Curtain.

No McCarthyism, Please

IT IS ONE thing for Conservative leader George Drew to propose legislation to outlaw the Communist party in Canada; it is another for him to talk vaguely about Communists in government service. A law designed to protect the state against Communism would be a proper matter for debate in Parliament, where its advantages and disadvantages could be examined in the full light of public knowledge; but to make vague charges about individuals comes perilously close to the smear technique which has spread such a reeking stain across public life in the United States.

According to newspaper reports from Vancouver, Mr. Drew told West Coast audiences that there were people working for the international service of the CBC whose loyalty could be questioned, and that there were suspected Communists in other branches of the civil service. We hope that the reports did not accurately reflect what Mr. Drew had to say; indeed, we find it difficult to believe that a man of his experience and judgment would make such statements, without having first collected substantial evidence of disloyalty, then presented it to the proper authorities, and had it ignored.

If those in charge of departments of government either refuse to consider or try to excuse evidence of grave weaknesses in their staffs, it is a public duty to give the matter the widest and most emphatic publicity. But no good can come of sly, vague hints tossed out as bait for votes. There is no place for McCarthyism in Canada, and we hope that Mr. Drew has made this clear, even before what we have to say is published.

Family Allowances

WE HAVE BEEN watching with great interest the steady increase in the number of people who think they should get credit for providing Canadian parents with family allowances. For some time, Messrs. Claxton and Martin shared the honor between them, and were not too disturbed by the querulous complaints of CCF spokesmen that the Liberals had stolen a Socialist idea. Then Premier Joseph Smallwood informed the people of Newfoundland that it was Jack Pickersgill who originated the scheme and sold it to Mackenzie King; Prime Minister St. Laurent gave his benign approval to that declaration, and Mr. Pickersgill himself, a salty cod-and-flipper man from Manitoba who wants to be one of Newfoundland's members in the new Parliament, has modestly done nothing to disclaim responsibility for it. Social Credit leader Solon Low, however, was not disposed to let the claim to paternity go unchallenged; it all started with his party, Mr. Low has indicated. Up till now, no Conservative has taken credit for the allowances, which is not surprising, because Mr. Drew and his supporters have been kept on the defensive in this matter; they have been too busy defending themselves against charges that they were opposed to the bonuses, and planned to do away with them. We hope the Conservatives will put in a bid, though; everyone might as well get into the act.

Freedom to Read

WHILE MANY people in the United States were raising a justified outcry about the blacklisting and burning of books by civil servants, Minute Women and other watchdogs of Americanism, the diligent Dr. Gallup was collecting pertinent information on reading habits in the U.S.A. from some of his recent polls. The Gallup findings were: Fewer people buy and read books in the United States, on a percentage basis, than in any other modern democracy; the average Briton reads three times as many books as his American counterpart; out of every 20 college graduates, only eight could name the author of *Vanity Fair*, only one the author of *Tom Jones*.

The Gallup figures do nothing to weaken the case against book-burning, of course. If there is a freedom to read, there is also a freedom not to read; and it is just as foolish to insist that people read some books as it is to forbid them to read others. But it is a sorry fact that the less we read, the less is our capacity to understand how the burning of a few books is an assault on the whole noble concept of the individual as a thinking creature capable of deciding for himself what he will do and say and think.

Busiest Stampeder

CALGARY is tidying up this week, and Maurice Earl Hartnett is enjoying life with his family once more. The Stampede is over for another year.

Mr. Hartnett's wife Ruth, and their three children (Gary, 12, Dennis, 10, and Maureen, 7) don't see much of him during the weeks leading up to the Calgary Stampede and while it is on. His duties as General Manager of "the world's biggest outdoor show" take up all his waking moments and cut into his sleeping time, too. After he catches up on lost sleep and relaxation this week, he will start planning next year's Stampede, and studying possible problems. Accommodation could be one difficulty; both Calgary and its most famous event get bigger each year, but Mr. Hartnett thinks that "when the hotels and motels are all filled up, the citizens will just open up their homes as they always have in the past, and we'll get everybody fed and bedded down somehow."

He is an energetic, voluble person at any time, but mention of the Stampede starts a torrent of words. "It isn't just another rodeo," he informed us. "Its greatest natural asset lies, perhaps, in the fact that it's staged in Canada's finest beef cattle country, and that it perpetuates on a grand scale the normal day-to-day operations and sport of the cattlemen who pioneered and developed this province. Many of the sons and grandsons of those oldtimers are now among the top-flight contestants and take their full share of world championships. Then, too, the city folks, whether they live in Great Falls, Toronto, Vancouver or Halifax, seem to share in the excitement. Everyone goes Western during Stampede Week, and to heck with business, ranching or anything else."

MAURICE EARL HARTNETT: We'll get everybody fed and bedded.

Mr. Hartnett is not a native Westerner. He was born at Kinmount, Ontario, 48 years ago, but his family moved to Saskatchewan when he was a year old, and he grew up in that Province, graduating from the University of Saskatchewan with the degree of Bacheior of Agricuitural Science. For a while he judged at livestock shows—"along about that time I used to wear a slouch hat and only shaved once a week, because I felt so young among those hard-bitten competitors." He edited a farm weekly for ten years, did a stint as a public relations man in agriculture, and was a Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan. He became General Manager of the Stampede last year.

"Every year something is added to the events at the Stampede," he said. "This year, for instance, there was a curling bonspiel, and a Hollywood producer was shooting 3-D film."

The Moral Effect

ENGLISH CHURCHMEN are protesting against the British Government's proposals to allow private television stations to operate in the United Kingdom; commercial TV, they say, will ruin British morals. They do not go into much detail in their arguments, but apparently their main thesis is that the addition of advertising to a program of entertainment or instruction makes it a wicked bit of business; and they point gloomily to the United States, where little children who watch sponsored TV "are made familiar with a world in which violence is normal."

Now we are quite prepared to admit that North American morals are not what they should be; no worse than British or European morals, but still pretty shaky at times. We doubt if the people who use radio and TV to advertise their products are responsible for this condition, however, although a theologian might be able to spot something sinful in the use of the air to sell soap or toothpaste or breakfast food. And it might not be wise for the theologians to follow this avenue of inquiry, because if the word got around that there was something immoral about it, the advertising would get a larger and more attentive audience than orthodox entertainment.

On the subject of children, however, we will take issue with the clergymen. Children have a hardihood of mind towards violence which they lose only when they grow up, and gory goings-on do not impress them. They are raised on fairy tales that make the experiences of radio detectives as insipid as tea at a club picnic, and many of their childish games are of the stuff of nightmares. No one can convince us that the little tykes have much to learn from TV about violence.

Letters

Significant Silence

I HAVE BEEN watching carefully to see if Dr. Endicott would have anything to say about the atrocities committed by the Russians in East Germany, following the revolt of the German workers. He has been silent. Yet how quick he would have been to protest if a policeman happened to nudge a Communist during a Red demonstration in Canada!

We can only assume that Dr. Endicott thinks it is perfectly all right for Russians to shoot Germans when the latter stage protest parades. Perhaps his theory is that the Germans don't know what's good for them, and they're better off dead anyway; or perhaps they deserve death for daring to defy the almighty Soviet. At least we know what's in store for us if Dr. Endicott and his like ever get control of Canada.

Quebec City JEAN-PAUL CARON

Over-Government

AFTER MR. DREW'S tax proposals, there has been a great debate about the respective rights of the Federal Government and the Provinces. Mr. St. Laurent has pointed out that the Fathers of Confederation were wise enough to look ahead to the time when national obligations would require greater taxing power by the central authority . . .

It is all a foolish argument. Canada is atrociously over-governed, and sooner or later we will have to think about ways of reducing the amount of government we have. How is this to be done? Obviously, it will be impossible to do much about the Federal Government; if we are a nation, we must be governed nationally. Nor can much be done at the municipal level, which is the government needed to look after the community needs of the people. That leaves the provincial authority, and it is here that a great reduction could be made. There is no reason why a province needs a parliament of its own; most of the provincial members are dead losses, anyway. Each province could be handled quite well by an elected board of six to twelve persons . . .

Toronto JOHN P. LOWRY

Dark of the Moon

HAVE JUST read, with a great deal of pleasure, Lister Sinclair's article on "Music, A Powerful Weapon for Drama."

I think Mr. Sinclair might be interested to know that Vancouver's Totem Theatre produced *Dark of the Moon* last winter. It had a very successful three-week run, and I for one think it is one of the most interesting plays I have ever seen. Totem's production was an excellent one . . .

Vancouver MARGARET RUSSELL

People For Canada

ACCORDING to the most recent report of the Department of Immigration, immigrants to Canada during the first five months of this year numbered 59,960 persons. This is 27 per cent less than the figure of 82,088 for the same period in 1952.

How can Canada hope to maintain an expanding economy when the nation is so blind to the need for building secure markets right here at home? It is all very well to boast about Canada's great record as a trading nation; but it must be remembered that the more we sell abroad, in relation to domestic sales, the more vulnerable we are to what may happen in those countries that buy from us.

Canada needs many millions more people to create a sound domestic market, to keep the factories producing, to provide the manpower for those factories, to keep up the supply of agricultural workers, to fill the gaping spaces which are a temptation to any aggressor. And we will not fill those needs at the rate of 59,960 in five months . . .

Regina HARRY CROSLEY

Rubber Horseshoes

YOU MAY have noticed that a woman in this city has complained to city authorities that the noise made by firemen pitching horseshoes is driving her deaf. An eminently practical suggestion was made by an alderman: rubber horseshoes for the firemen . . . If it can happen here, it can happen in every other city. Think of the great clanging that must be going on as firemen from coast to coast save themselves from death by boredom by hurling horseshoes—metal horseshoes . . . There is still time for some candidate to make the provision of rubber horseshoes to firemen a plank in his election platform . . .

Winnipeg W. E. JONES

Give Up Too Soon

EVERY DAY one can pick up the newspaper and read of a drowning. In almost every case, the report says that artificial respiration was carried on for half an hour, an hour, or two hours. Seldom does it say that resuscitation was tried for four hours or more, and yet it is a fact that attempts to revive the victim should be continued for at least four hours . . . Many lives undoubtedly have been lost because efforts to save them by the proper methods have not been carried on long enough.

Hamilton, Ont. STANLEY CHASE

Wasted Food

A STRANGE THING is happening in our eating places and one wonders who started the foolish fashion. It seems to be the fashion these days for diners in cafeterias and restaurants to leave a great deal of the food they buy on their plates. Some of us who are hungry three times a day and who have never been accustomed to too much food are aghast at this spectacle. One day the writer counted six businessmen at a counter who left some of everything they had ordered! Formerly one would see such conduct only in the expensive restaurants which rich people frequent, but now we see it everywhere—where food is dear, where it is cheaper, the self-service places and the best restaurants.

Is the food not good enough? Or do customers get too much for their money? Could it be because many think it necessary now to eat between meals and therefore are not really hungry at mealtime? Or is it that tobacco consumed between, at and after meals, is taking the place of food and is preferred?

Montreal M. C. AFFLECK

Trains or Cars?

ONTARIO is moving towards a logical conclusion in its highway program, by planning express highways which will not be cluttered by lunch stands, blind entrances, and so on. A great volume of traffic now moves at high speed for considerable distances, from one major industrial centre to another . . . There are other highways for the slower, less bulky traffic which goes only short distances.

One question arises, however. This is the matter of level crossings. All the highways in this province now carry such a volume of traffic that it is debatable whether the railway traffic should have precedence over the road traffic at level crossings. On the express highways, of course, this point need never arise; all intersections of road and rail traffic must be underpasses or overpasses, otherwise the whole idea of the express highway is negated . . . The whole question of providing unobstructed flow for both road and rail traffic at crossings on all highways cannot be put off without answer much longer.

London, Ont. COLIN CARSON

New Diseases

THE GREATEST killers in North America are not orthodox diseases, or at least they are not generally recognized as such. Not cancer or heart ailments, but traffic accidents and suicides take the heaviest toll of life in Canada and the United States.

If these, too, were accepted as diseases, whose prevention and cure should be sought as assiduously as those for cancer and polio, we would be well on our way to getting rid of our greatest afflictions . . .

Traffic accidents, in by far the greatest number of cases, cannot be blamed on the vehicles or the road conditions. They are seldom the fault of anybody or anything but the person behind the wheel—the person who is allowed to take charge of two tons of metal powered by the equivalent of scores of horses, without proper mental or physical preparation for such a tremendous responsibility. The answer to the problem of greater traffic safety does not lie in gadgets, but in proper scientific research into human behavior.

The same thing applies in the case of suicides. Death undoubtedly has a great attraction for many people, if only as the supreme adventure. Let the scientists give their attention to this fascination . . .

Montreal JEAN DELAFRANIER

Election Views

THE CONSERVATIVES are making a great bid to increase their representation from Ontario . . . It is odd that this most progressive Province has clung to the vestiges of Conservatism . . . It will realize that it is, by tradition, truly Liberal . . .

Quebec City PIERRE LAFRAMBOISE

WHEN is Ontario going to take its rightful place in the government at Ottawa? Quebec will again vote solidly for "One of Ours" as they refer to Mr. St. Laurent and will continue to dominate the Dominion unless Ontario speaks with a united voice in the coming election. . .

It is not by accident that Ontario is the most prosperous province in Canada. You have had a Conservative government almost all the time—with only an occasional short term of Liberals to keep the Conservatives from becoming entrenched and careless. . .

Fredericton S. SANSON

Of Many Things

WE HAVE been assured by all the people who should know—physicists, meteorologists and others—that the exploding of atomic weapons has absolutely no effect on the weather. I am prepared to take their word for it. But now I would like an explanation of the increase in unpredictable weather—at least, weather that the meteorologists apparently are wholly incapable of predicting even 24 hours in advance . . .

Chatham, Ont. ELDON MASTERS

RONALD BATES misses the point, I think. Robertson Davies was putting out a call for readability in these days of 2-bit reprints and millions of book readers. The days of English snobbery are past and gone. I agree that the ideal way to learn to write is to learn to speak first. The clearest, liveliest, most effective writing is just good talk. See Hazlitt on "Familiar Style," and take a look sometime at Walter B. Pitkin's "The Art Of Useful Writing." "Ivory tower" delivery is something else, again. Anyone expecting to sell must write to please.

Toronto JAMES F. KIRKHAM

IN YOUR editorial "Solitary Moon," you say, "there is only one Moon." Toronto had a *Moon* of fifty odd years ago. I have a little file of it.

Welland LOUIS BLAKE DUFF

IT HAS BEEN shown that the spirit of Munich is rampant in Europe. It has been shown that North America can be intimidated. Watch out for a near-term war!

Toronto SIDNEY MURRAY

CHAMPAGNE BRUSSELS LACE

in the traditional manner...

• sweeps over shimmering satin from the wedding-ring waist to the full, flowing train . . . a gown that transforms itself beautifully into a cocktail dress by removal of the lower tier. Designed in our own Custom Bridal Salon, this portrait gown is illustrative of the individual loveliness of bridal gowns designed, not only for the bride, but for every member of her wedding party.

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TORONTO

Europe's Big Gamble in Super-Planning

By ERNEST WAENGLER

IN THE City of Luxembourg, the seat of the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community —better known as the Schuman Plan —the lights in the offices of chairman Jean Monnet and his staff burn late into the night these days. In the cafes of Paris and Brussels they call the dedicated men in Luxembourg "The 400 Europeans of *Monnet* Carlo." In a way they are right. These men are no longer Frenchmen, Germans or Belgians in their thinking and planning, and their project is one of the greatest gambles of all times.

Now, after years of political and economic bickering, the European Coal and Steel Community has become a reality, in some respects even a going concern. The six member nations—France, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg and Italy—have been integrated into one market for coal and steel. No more import or export duties, no quotas, no payment restrictions. What are the practical effects of this unprecedented experiment in supra-national planning? How does it affect the economies and the individuals in the countries concerned? What are its chances of reaching its lofty aims?

The common coal market has only existed since February of this year, the common steel market since May. It is much too early to pass judgment on the success of its numerous ramifications and—as far as the future is concerned — the crystal balls in Europe's capitals are as cloudy as ever. Yet, in the few months since the Plan has moved from the realm of political speeches into that of hard realities, a few facts have emerged which allow some conclusions as to what may be expected.

The creation of the common market could not have come at a more favorable moment. In the past six months, the production and consumption of steel in the six countries have reached a comparative equilibrium. The coal shortage—still a grave problem a year ago—has eased off to a remarkable degree. Coal imports from the U.S., which amounted to 25 million tons in 1951 and 20 million in 1952, are expected to remain well below 10 million tons this year.

The Community was therefore able, right from the start, to concentrate on its most important tasks: increased production to the point of eventual independence from dollar imports; lowering of prices and improved quality; standardization of nomenclature and specifications for steel shapes, sizes and qualities. Obviously, these are long-term projects. They are bound to create severe hardship in individual cases. Some marginal coal mines and steel plants will have to close down, others must find ways of raising enormous capital for the modernization of their equipment. More iron ore will have to be produced by more efficient means to safeguard the full utilization of the enlarged steel capacity.

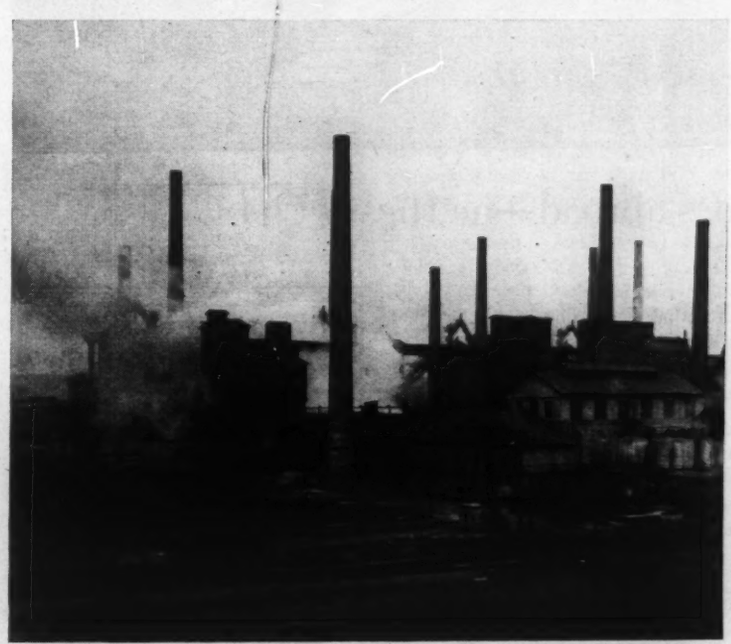
All this is to be achieved with a minimum of interference and pressure on the part of the High Authority, which is supposed to govern not by making new regulations but by removing old ones, by making free enterprise freer and competition keener. It is important to remember that the High Authority does not fix prices or wages. It merely tries to equalize them by promoting a free flow of products and manpower between the member states.

It would be false to conclude that the High Authority has no positive powers at all. It is, in everything that concerns coal and steel in the six nations, a true supra-national government, to which not only member governments, but also private firms, labor unions and consumers have access. It is, in fact, the first such organization to work in the interest of the economies as a whole. It can impose fines to enforce its decisions, collect levies to finance its operations and act as the official representative of its members towards outside states.

Its decisions have a direct effect on the 1½ million coal and steel workers and on $6 billion worth of existing equipment; and an indirect effect on the 150 million inhabitants of the six member countries. Last year, these countries together produced 240 million tons of coal (about half as much as the U.S. and as much as the U.K.) and 42 million tons of steel (half as much as the U.S. and 2½ times as much as the U.K.). Its largest and most efficient producer is Germany, with 123 million tons of coal and 16 million tons of steel last year.

The Community's greatest immediate difficulty comes from the vast differences in efficiency and economic conditions in the member countries. The labor cost per ton of coal, for instance, is twice as high in Belgium as in Italy and in France 50 per cent higher than in Germany. (If a buyers' market in coal existed today, most Belgian coal producers would have to go out of business. As it is, they have a chance to improve their efficiency before their competitors catch up with the demand.)

In steel, the creation of the common market has caused the greatest anxiety in France and the greatest satisfaction in Germany. In Germany, steel prices remained fairly stable, because, for the moment, supply and demand are almost at an equilibrium. In France, prices went up considerably, because other members of the Community began to compete for French steel. French steel-consuming industries in some cases are beginning to wonder how soon rising steel prices will price their finished products out of the market. In Belgium, prices reacted only slightly to the common steel market, because steel production has been rising rapidly during the past year, almost keeping pace with increased demand.



Wide World Photo

THE STEEL WORKS at Voelklingen, in the Saar: "Other members of the Community began to compete for French steel."

In the field of iron ore, the effects of the common market were generally beneficial in the member countries themselves, though some of the outsiders complained that the pool would tend to cut off their supply from countries of the Community.

At present, France produces more iron ore than it needs, Germany, Italy and Luxembourg about half their requirements, the Netherlands and Belgium almost nothing. In the past, Germany has been importing ore from Sweden, the others from France. A few years ago, the six nations together were almost self-sufficient, but today, because of increased consumption, they have to import about 30 per cent of their iron ore needs from outside sources. The price of this commodity is exceedingly sensitive to economic fluctuations and it is felt almost everywhere in Europe that the larger market will tend to stabilize it.

©*Karsh*

JEAN MONNET: The crystal balls are cloudy.

Where labor is concerned, the High Authority's headaches have only just begun. The idea is to bring about wage equalization at the highest level now in existence, but experts predict that it will take from seven to ten years to raise, for instance, the real income of the Italian steel worker to the level of his Belgian colleague. Eventually, equalization is to be achieved by complete freedom in the movement of manpower, which is at present regulated by complicated bilateral agreements on migration.

This problem can obviously not be solved for the coal and steel industry in isolation from all other industries. The raising of coal and steel wages must bring about higher wages in all industries, which may well mean the beginning of a new inflationary spiral. The systems of internal taxation and social security are very different and very complicated among the member states and to change them will cause vast political, social and even constitutional difficulties.

In recent weeks, there have been severe political repercussions in several of Western Europe's national assemblies. French nationalists worry about the High Authority taking away some of their national sovereignty, the liberals about an increase in economic control and the creation

of an international super-cartel. German Socialists, on the other hand, objected on the ground that the Plan is too liberal and too capitalistic, and charged that it will benefit nobody except the large producers and consumers of coal and steel.

The widest discrepancy between theory and practice is encountered in the field of non-discrimination. Among the few things to which all signatories agreed fairly readily was the principle that henceforth one seller of coal or steel should charge only one price to all his customers, that all prices and delivery conditions should be published, that there should be no more double prices for domestic and export sales and no cartels that restrict free competition.

Yet this very anti-discrimination clause resulted in the first flood of protests when the common market became a reality. The German fishing industry complained that it could not remain competitive if its preference in steel prices was discontinued. The owners of French coal mines protested against losing the business of the northern French Channel ports, which can now buy more cheaply from Belgian mines across the border. Belgian and German steel men angrily denied the existence of a verbal gentlemen's agreement, according to which they are supposed to keep out of each other's markets. Some manufacturers refused to divulge details of deals involving the fixing of export prices. To put an end to all these undesirable practices immediately would have caused severe disruptions, and it is therefore not surprising that the first steps taken by the High Authority in the field of non-discrimination were less than spectacular.

Two of the most urgent problems facing the European Coal and Steel Community are convertibility and financing. As long as the currencies of the member countries are not freely convertible, it is almost impossible to safeguard a free exchange of coal, ore and steel; and while some, like Belgium, have a large credit balance with the European Payments Union and others, like France, a deficit, convertibility remains a hope for the distant future.

It is estimated that the modernization of the coal and steel industry in the six countries will cost something like $1.4 billion annually over the next ten years. So far, nobody has explained clearly where this money will come from. The High Authority takes levies from the industry of $50 million annually, partly to pay for its own administrative costs and partly to encourage investments. Experts (in Paris, Luxembourg and Brussels) feel that it is much too optimistic to assume that such a small amount will be sufficient to guarantee loans of the required magnitude. Private investors have been extremely reluctant up to now, mainly because interest rates are too low in view of the political insecurity.

The High Authority has promised that it will state periodically the intermediary objectives in this long process of investment and that it will do its utmost to give the industry access to new capital markets.

It is safe to predict that the Coal and Steel Community, if it is to succeed at all, will have vast effects in all social and economic fields, not only in the member countries but the world over. At present, per capita steel consumption in Europe is only about one-third of that in North America. Expanded steel capacity may mean nothing less than a new way of life for Europeans, complete with motor cars for the masses, canned goods and mechanical household appliances. As factory wages rise, servants will disappear from the homes and the demand for time-saving gadgets will increase. Improved transport facilities will benefit all industries, and large scale migration of workers will foster greater understanding among nationals of different countries.

The idea of European unity is still far too new to be a real force in political and economic reality. The European Coal and Steel Community faces a long uphill battle against prejudice and tradition, selfishness and nationalism, long memories of the past and shortsightedness of the future. Yet, there is some evidence of a growing realization among leaders in business and government that the creation of a common market entails sacrifices, and that these sacrifices are worth making because the common market is a necessary step toward common prosperity and security.

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The Literary Life

Author, Author!

WHEN I HEARD the knock at the door I thought it was the Household Finance man come to impound the television set, and I hurriedly dropped the iambic pentameter I was composing and reached for my trousers. Then, suitably attired for dealing with bill collectors and other such fauna, I opened the door and found myself facing an apologetic-looking youthful cadaver busily engaged in swallowing his Adam's apple.

I looked up into his face and shouted, "Yes!" convinced that whatever else he represented, it wasn't the Household Finance.

He was about twenty-one, tall and thin, with a violinist's hair-cut and the gaunt look of a collegiate eremite who has been dining exclusively on sardine and peanut-butter sandwiches for the last six semesters.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Garner," he said, looking down at me as if I was something stuck to a glass slide.

"I'm him. I am he," I said.

"I mean Mr. Garner, the author," the apparition said, staring over my shoulder with the air of a bailiff sizing up the family chattels.

"I'm the only Garner in the joint," I said, removing once and for all any veneer of authorship I ever had acquired.

"You!" he exclaimed, as if I'd laid claim to being the Bourbon Pretender. Then he recovered himself and said, "My name is Carberry. I'm from *Pen and Ink*, Western School of Business Administration's literary magazine. The editorial board have sent me here to interview you for our school paper, Mr. Garner."

I ushered him into the Garner menage, hastily kicking aside several well-worn copies of *La Vie Parisienne* and sat him down in the only chair whose springs are not apparent through the upholstery.

"Fire away, Mr. Carberry," I invited, in the manner I had been reserving for the representative of the *New York Times* book review section.

He seemed in no hurry to start; instead, he was gazing about furtively as though hoping something—anything—would happen which would transform the place into what he thought an author's mansion should be.

"I don't suppose I come up to your expectations as an author—" I began.

"As a matter of fact you don't, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Writers never look like you expect them to," I said, laughing deprecatingly. "Now take MacLennan for instance—"

He ignored both MacLennan and me. "I've got a few questions written down here that I'd like you to answer," he said. He reminded me, painfully, of a Relief inspector called Bolstead, with whom I used to fight weekly during the depression. As a matter of fact, he out-Bolsteaded Bolstead, and I sensed that all he was waiting for was a new depression in which to show his talents. I decided that I hated him.

"The first question, Mr. Garner," he said, unrolling a scroll of papyrus that he must have inherited from a Tyrrhenian ancestor, "is what do you consider to be the prime requisite of an author?"

I gave this silly question far more cogitation than it deserved. "The ability to write," I answered.

He nodded solemnly, and inscribed it on the scroll.

"What are your writing habits?"

"Well — er — you see — er —. I haven't any," I finally answered, lamely.

He leered at me. "Do you mean that you don't follow any formula of work?" he asked. "Don't you write during certain periods of the day? Don't you give any time to research? Haven't you a set period of relaxation?"

I realized suddenly that I was talking to a subscriber to *Writer's Digest*. "I'll answer one question at a time, Carberry," I hissed, leaning towards him. He withdrew into his chair until his anatomy came in contact with the point of a broken spring. Then he shot forward again like a kernel of popped corn and gazed at me with rapt and frightened attention.

"In the first place, I write when I'm in the mood, and it doesn't matter if it's five in the morning or eight o'clock at night. I don't give any time to research, because research is boring, and last, I have no relaxation at all while I am writing, but when I finish a long job of work I go out on a binge."

"I see," he said, scribbling away like mad.

WHEN HE finally came up for air he read from the sheet, "What is the best preparation for a writing career?"

"To be fired from your first twenty jobs; this gives you a varied backlog of experience, and also the experience of being out of work. If possible, the male writer should also fight in a war, and take an extended voyage on a ship. He should fall in love several times and have at least one of his sweethearts leave him at the altar. Then he should get married to a girl who can keep quiet for hours at a time, and raise a family which will support him in his old age."

"Isn't a college education desirable then, Mr. Garner?"

"It is very desirable if the writer intends to write *This Side Of Paradise*, although Scott Fitzgerald wrote it more than thirty years ago."

"I—see," he said. Then, as something closer to an inspiration than he had ever had before hit him, he asked, "What about grammar?"

He almost had me there. I thought for a minute, and said, "Personally, I write by ear — you know, the way some people play the piano. To those people the notes of music on a sheet of paper are just squiggly little marks, and to me such things as participles, conjunctives, gerunds and prepositions are just words used by schoolteachers."

He scribbled something that looked like a phone number on his scroll, before looking around him expectantly in the manner of a young man visiting his first bordello.

"Is there anything else?" I asked.

"I was hoping I'd meet Mrs. Garner," he said. "I feel that sometimes an author's wife may add some very significant points to an interview of this kind."

"You're not joshing," I muttered under my breath. Then I cried triumphantly, "I'm sure she would, but she's not here just now."

His face fell. "Oh, is she out?"

I stifled an urge to tell him that she had taken the Russian wolfhounds for an airing, for I could see he was the kind of gazebo who believes all authors have wives who dabble in pottery, and a pair of wolfhounds who dabble in whatever wolfhounds dabble in. I told him that she and the kids were away for the summer.

He nodded resignedly, and his right eye, which had been roving around the room like that of a disenchanted Cyclops, came to rest on my bookcase. "May I?" he asked eagerly, pointing to it.

"Go ahead," I invited, with all the *savoir faire* I could muster. While he had his back turned I hid the copies of *La Vie Parisienne*, and also an unexpurgated edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* that I was re-reading for the fourth time.

He plucked out Shakespeare's collected works and said, "I knew you'd read a lot of Shakespeare. In your novel, *Storm Below*, you quoted him, remember?"

I remember quoting Shakespeare about as much as I remember taking a vow of chastity, but I nodded my head, and made a mental note to read the book again, in case one of the printers shoved in an extra line by mistake. I began to warm up to good old Carberry.

He browsed around in my small bookcase, giving out with oohs and aws of pleasure and disgust at my literary tastes, and finally pounced on a collection of William Faulkner. "You have a lot of Faulkner here," he said. "Is he a favorite of yours?"

"Kind of. Next to Hemingway, and maybe Steinbeck."

"I knew it. He deals with a world in miniature, you might even call it a world in microcosm," he said, quoting the *Saturday Review*. "In the stories of his mythical Mississippi county he captures the world at large, pulling all humanity into his field of vision. Don't you think so?"

"Bull—" I began, but instead said, "Yes, of course."

"You started out the same way with *Cabbagetown*, but you let the idea go, and your stories became—well, placeless."

"It's an occupational hazard," I told him.

He picked up James Joyce's *Ulysses* and said, "Here is *my* favorite writer."

"He's one of my favorites too," I said.

DURING the next half hour he spouted many borrowed opinions about books, and it was no great trick to persuade him that Molly Bloom was a character out of *The Sun Also Rises*, and that Robert Jordan was the hero of *The Web And The Rock*. He had the shallow glibness of the junior egghead, and I forecast a wonderful success for him in the writing racket. In ten years' time he would be writing learned essays well larded with pilferings from Bartlett, Mallarmé, Hazlitt and the Greek tragedians.

Finally, after he had filled out some biographical questions he got ready to leave, and I asked him if he'd have a drink, hoping he'd say yes so I could mix him a Longshoreman's Hook. He thanked me, and indicated he'd like a glass of milk. I led him into the kitchen through a welter of cracker crumbs and dirty shirts and poured him a glass of milk, which he drank with all the gusto of a deaconess sampling the sacramental wine. On his way out of the apartment he hesitated quite a while at the door, wondering aloud whether he had forgotten anything. I offered him a lock of my hair, and with a flounce not equalled since Clara Bow married Rex Bell he turned and scampered away down the hall.

I RESIGNED myself to getting a bad press in *Pen and Ink*, if they said anything about me at all, which was doubtful.

Strangely enough, about two months later I received a copy of this publication through the mails. The lead story was titled, "Down Literary Lanes", and below it, "Hugh Garner Gives The Secrets Of Writing Success, by Marvin B. Carberry."

The story began, in the best journalistic style: "We were privileged recently to be granted an interview by Hugh Garner, well-known Canadian novelist. We found him ensconced at his typewriter in his spacious apartment, surrounded by his extensive library. 'The secret of writing success,' said Mr. Garner, 'is first to lay the groundwork for a writing career with an academic education, and follow this up with a daily regimen that includes set periods for work, research and relaxation. I owe most of my modest success to the fact that I have long been a student of the Classics . . .' I was afraid to read any further in case he presented me with a pair of Russian wolfhounds and a wife who painted abstracts.

I'm afraid that the readers of *Pen and Ink* have a cockeyed idea of what I am like, but my interview with Carberry taught me two plain truths: you can't believe everything you read in magazines, and authors are made, not born.

HUGH GARNER

Ottawa Letter

Main Contenders Sharpen Their Weapons

A WELCOME ENLIVENMENT of the election campaign is now visible and the mills of all the parties for turning out propaganda are now working at full blast. For the operation of their mill, the Liberals have the advantage of by far the largest campaign fund; the publicity experts of the Conservative party estimate enviously that, if the present flood of advertisements in various forms of the glories and exploits of Liberalism is continued until the end of the contest, the total bill for it will not be far short of $3 million. But they themselves have been encouraged in recent weeks by a reasonably generous inflow of contributions into a treasury which was bare at the opening of the campaign.

There has been evidence of change in the strategy of the Liberal party; reports from the country made its directors realize that some cocks cannot fight twice with success. Their original idea was to make a second well-staged effort to "sell Uncle Louis" to the voters as a unique blend of statesmanship, mature wisdom, democratic bonhomie and benevolence, a man who could not possibly be replaced as Prime Minister; they were prepared to dispense with any serious program of reforms. But the much cooler response of the public than in 1949 to the personal dramatisation of Mr. St. Laurent has alarmed them; they also sensed that a purely defensive strategy might not pay, and it would be wise to change it to what the military experts call "the offensive-defensive" plan of campaign.

Writers in the confidence of the Liberal high command were forecasting that Mr. St. Laurent would soon abandon his Baldwinian attitude of passivity about reforms and pledge his party to such measures as the immediate inauguration of a national scheme of contributory health insurance, the adoption of both a distinctive national flag and a distinctive national anthem for Canada, and a five-day week for the civil service, which would help to hold the two seats in Ottawa.

There have been some extraordinary goings-on in Newfoundland. There the irrepressible Premier Smallwood has been functioning as political impresario for both Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Pickersgill, and the three of them have constituted a mutual admiration society. Mr. St. Laurent, eulogised by his two associates as a statesman without any peer, disclosed that the final impulse for the promotion of Mr. Pickersgill came from the fertile mind of Mr. Smallwood, and the latter bestowed upon Mr. Pickersgill the rank of Minister No. 2 in the Cabinet, an honor which cannot possibly please Mr. Howe. But the revelation that Mr. Pickersgill is a protégé of Mr. Smallwood has eased the minds of the former's rivals for the leadership of the Liberal party. When the day of reckoning comes, as it must come some day in Newfoundland, and the island begins to provide Ottawa with as many headaches as it did Downing Street, no politician from Newfoundland and particularly no pet of Mr. Smallwood will have much chance of becoming leader of the Liberal party.

IT SOON became plain that the crucial battleground in the election is the province of Ontario, which will send to the new House of Commons 85 members, almost one-third of its total membership of 265. In the present century, its political bias has been distinctly Conservative; in the elections of 1911 and 1917, the respective number of seats won by this party was 72 and 74 and in subsequent elections its quota remained well above 50 until 1935, when the Liberals carried 56 seats. There was no recovery of Conservative strength until 1945, when the party carried 48 seats, but this proved transitory; in the contest of 1949, the voters of Ontario dealt a crushing blow to the hopes of Mr. Drew, although he was a native son of the province. So many former supporters were alienated by his rapprochement with Mr. Duplessis that seats like the Rosedale division of Toronto, rated a rockribbed Tory fortress, were lost and his followers were reduced to 25, while the Liberals surpassed their wildest hopes by winning 57 seats.

Obviously, if the Conservatives under the leadership of an Ontario man cannot regain a decisive ascendancy in the province, which has long been regarded as their chief stronghold, Mr. Drew's retention of that leadership will become difficult, and the party's chances of survival as an efficient political instrument will be dubious.

On the other hand, the Liberals cannot afford to suffer heavy losses in Ontario. Impartial appraisers of the western situation think they will be lucky if they salvage 15 of their 40 seats west of the Great Lakes, and they expect to lose some of their 23 seats in the Maritime provinces. So even if they can hold all their present bloc of seats in Quebec, their prospective total, apart from Ontario, would not be far in excess of 100; the Government, therefore, needs to secure a minimum of 35 Ontario seats to be comfortable in the next Parliament.

The Liberals have in their favor important assets, such as the present level of prosperity which gives force to the argument "No time for a change," and the powerful political leverage which they can apply to individuals and communities through their control of an outflow of contracts from Ottawa, unprecedented in years of peace. They are also fortunate in having as their candidates in a number of seats in Ontario, like South and West Essex and Kent, sitting members who have a personal hold upon their constituencies. These members are not brilliant parliamentarians, but they are shrewd, sensible men of high character, who attend faithfully to their duties inside and outside Parliament, avoid extreme partisanship and, when called upon, are just as willing to render services to their political opponents as to their own supporters. Members of this type can only be defeated by candidates of exceptional merit.

In recent provincial elections in a number of Ontario seats in which French-Canadian voters predominate, many of these voters have abandoned their traditional allegiance to Liberalism to give Conservative candidates a majority, but the organizers of the Liberal party profess confidence that these French-Canadians will never vote against a racial compatriot like Mr. St. Laurent.

The Conservatives have certain tangible advantages. They are in a position to exploit the real grievances of thousands of voters about the excessive scale of taxation, for which Ministerial extravagance is mainly responsible; and undoubtedly Mr. Drew's explicit pledge to reduce Federal taxation by $500 million per annum, if he is given power, makes a strong appeal to many taxpayers. The Liberals are busy saying that Mr. Drew is deluding the voters, but surely the fulfilment of his pledge could be easily accomplished.

There was no challenge last session to the accuracy of figures cited by W. R. Thatcher (CCF, Moose Jaw), and others, which showed that the per capita cost of Canada's armed forces was roughly $18,000 per annum, and that the comparable cost in the United States, which is the reverse of niggardly in its expenditures upon defence, was roughly $13,000 per capita. The total strength of our armed forces is about 100,000, and it ought to be possible to reduce their cost of maintenance to the American level without impairing their efficiency. From this source alone Mr. Drew's promised cut of $500 million ought to be feasible.

ANOTHER joint in the Liberal armor is the glaring inadequacy of the Government's housing program. George Hees has been enhancing his reputation as the rising hope of the Conservative party by the lucid and vigorous speeches in which he has exposed the weaknesses of the Liberal policy.

Then when jubilant Ministerial forecasts that the aggregate national income will rise to a new record height in 1953 are followed by the publication of official data, which show that in the first quarter of the year there was an actual decline in farm income, the farmers must see fresh justification for their persistent complaint that, although they work longer hours than urban workers, they do not receive their fair share of the national income.

Today, while crop prospects are reasonably good, farmers are faced with falling prices for many of their products. The latest price bulletin of the Bureau of Statistics reveals that the index for the wholesale prices of farm products dropped from 223 on June 5 to 217.9 on June 19, and that at the latter figure it was 40 points below the average figure for June, 1952. There has been no parallel decline in the prices of the goods that the farmers must buy, and they feel that the economic scales are being tilted further against them.

The dairymen have been pacified a little by the price supports established for butter and cheese, but they remain aggrieved by the increasing competition of margarine with butter. The new barriers against imports of dairy products, which the government of the United States has just imposed, will make them disposed to listen to Conservative arguments that some of the benefits of trade policies, for which the Liberals have been claiming great credit, are now vanishing before their eyes, and to Mr. Drew's promises that he will make a resolute effort to recover the lost British market for our bacon and cheese.

So the Hon. T. L. Kennedy and other rural crusaders for Mr. Drew have no lack of material for persuading the farmers of Ontario that it is time for a change at Ottawa. If they can only use it effectively, they can win a considerable number of seats for their party. But the Liberals will make a desperate effort to hold their gains of the last election, and there are very few seats anywhere in Ontario which are plums ripe for picking by any party.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Foreign Affairs

With or Without Dr. Rhee?

MUCH EDITORIAL fury has been spent on Syngman Rhee for obstructing the truce, the most astonishing being the demand by the usually moderate London *Economist* to transport him to St. Helena for his "ruthless and cynical act of sabotage," his "criminal treachery." I think, on the contrary, he has done more than anyone else to bring the Communists to accept a truce—of a sort.

To appreciate this, we have to free ourselves from conventional thinking. The Communist leaders, in Peking and in Moscow, may see an advantage for themselves in a relaxation of world tension and of the strain on China, but it is not to be thought that they want a truce for the sake of bringing peace to Korea. Quite the opposite: they will be the more attracted towards a truce if it promises to make trouble in Korea, trouble between the South Koreans and the Americans, and wrangling among the members of the United Nations.

Rhee's actions promise plenty of such trouble — not that, taken by themselves, one can blame him so much for them. After all, his country is the one that is being fought over, his people are doing most of the fighting and taking most of the casualties; yet his government was not allowed a part in the negotiation of the truce. Even Churchill called him a traitor for releasing the anti-Communist prisoners. Yet these were Koreans, his own people (there is no difference between "North" and "South" Koreans). And no one had made a fuss when the North Korean Communists took South Korean prisoners by the tens of thousands, in the early part of the war, and shoved them straight into uniform.

Then Dr. Rhee refuses to accept the truce unless the Americans will guarantee to join with South Korea in resuming the war when the political conference fails to secure the unity of Korea, as Rhee is utterly certain it will fail. Here the difficulty is what an English paper calls his "implacable intransigence," but what his biographer will describe as his single-minded devotion to the cause of Korean independence for half a century. Is he not right in saying, in his letter of June 20 to General Mark Clark, that it is not he who has changed, but the statesmen of the United Nations? "It is not Korea but the UN that deserts the original principle for the defence of which the United States and we have made tremendous sacrifices." Some of the UN members who are influencing this decision, Rhee says, are Communist-inclined, some are bitterly anti-American, while others "do not know where they stand in this global struggle between Communism and democracy."

In a letter to President Eisenhower, dated June 19, Rhee gave the essence of his view of the situation. At the time of the United Nations drive to the Yalu, he said, "both the UN and the U.S. repeatedly announced that the war objective was the establishment of a united, independent and democratic Korea and the punishment of the aggressors" . . . "But later, when the Communist forces proved to be stronger than expected, the UN statesmen took to the interpretation that it had never been intended to unify Korea by war. That was an open confession of weakness . . . There is grave doubt that an armistice reached in such an atmosphere of appeasement can lead to a permanent peace . . . I do not believe that the Communists will agree, at a conference table, to what they have never been made to agree to on the battlefield." "All we hear about now is an armistice," he added. But what about those million Chinese soldiers still in Korea? Who is to get them out, and what chance has Korea of surviving as an independent state if they are not removed?

Mr. Rhee may prove to be right about this. Certainly it would be a miracle if U.S. policy in Asia were to be proved right for three consecutive years. Where Dr. Rhee is wrong is in alienating the only powerful friend that free Korea has, by forcing his argument to the point where General Mark Clark had to hold a conference of his field commanders to work out a plan for extricating the U.S. and UN forces should the South Korean Army attempt to act on its own.

I SUPPOSE that we "go ahead without Rhee," as many are urging, and sign an armistice. If the South Korean Army then launches an offensive against the Communists, do we break the truce by joining in the attack and preserving the UN lines, or do we in effect join forces with the Communists by turning on our former allies? And how could the heavily outnumbered UN force be saved from the debacle?

Rhee is wrong in thinking that he can make us fight on when we no longer want to. But we would sacrifice everything we fought for and hand the Communists a tremendous victory if we were to sign a separate truce or pull out our troops. The enemy has delayed the truce for over two years, to suit his purposes; we would be wise now to hold back until we have worked things out with Dr. Rhee and the South Koreans.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

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Music

What Is the Trend?

DURING the last few months I have been listening with increasing mystification to the sacred tunes which make up the Hit Parade. Knowing very little about this sort of music, I asked Drew Crossan (who now produces music for television) to give me an idea of where popular music is going. "You mean, What Is the Trend?" he replied, his eye lighting up. "Stop!" I cried, recognizing an oncoming attack of the Ancient Mariner syndrome. "Don't tell me; write it down!"

Mr. Crossan did, and here it is:

What is the trend of popular music? Who really knows. They tell me that there is a million dollar a year job at any publishing house in New York for the man who can say with authority that "this tune will be a hit," or "this one will not."

For years publishers and the record companies have tried to gauge the public's taste; sometimes they're lucky, but most often they're not, when you consider the volume of new tunes that come out every week. A musical number with all the "right things" (simple melody, simple lyrics, smooth easy-to-listen-to arrangement and a name singer to guarantee its success) can lie flat on its wax back, whereas a hard-to-whistle melody with nondescript words sung by an unknown vocalist can sweep the country and be a hit practically overnight.

Let's look at the present. The gauge of popularity is the so-called "Hit Parade". It has a hundred different names on a hundred different radio and TV stations, but it all adds up to the same thing. Here are the Top Ten Tunes in Canada at the time of writing. 1. The Song from *Moulin Rouge*; 2. *April in Portugal*; 3. *Ruby*; 4. *I'm Walking Behind You*; 5. *I Believe*; 6. *Say You're Mine Again*; 7. *Pretend*; 8. *Anna*; 9. *Your Cheatin' Heart*; 10. *Seven Lonely Days*.

Out of the ten tunes, seven are sad, two are nostalgic and one is semi-religious. The seven sad songs are not out of proportion in ten numbers. Ask any of your friends to name their five favorite songs or arias or operas, and invariably they will choose sad songs. By sad I mean stories of lost love, broken hearts, etc. Check the lyrics or listen closely to the seven on the hit parade now and you'll see what I mean. The two nostalgic melodies, *Ruby* and *Anna*, are both from movies and the tie-in there is obvious. *I Believe* is a beautiful, simple melody with lyrics to match.

Today there are more "name" bands on the road than there have been in the past ten years. Some feel it is the start of a period like that of the late thirties, when the orchestras of Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Larry Clinton, Benny Goodman and others were household names. Today we have Sauter-Finnegan, Ray Anthony, Billy May and Ralph Marterie, all selling great volumes of records and attracting huge crowds on tour. Others believe that the name singers are still holding on strongly and that no matter whose the orchestra is, people want to know who the vocalist is with the band. Certainly, phenomenal record sales are made by popular singers; and more and more of such singers are coming up, while the established ones hold on to their popularity.

Television has had something to do with it. There are more songs now that "tell a story" than any other kind. If they tell a story, television can make more use of them in staging and sets. Maybe we are returning to the early Folk Song Era, when songs were indeed stories set to music and sung with acting and gestures and props. Yet television has been ingenious in making up its own story-line to melodies. Some claim it is easier to dream up a situation, setting and staging than it is to have to work from a story-line that is part of the song.

SO WHAT IS the trend? It has been suggested that we are hearing more Latin American music now than before. I don't think so. *April in Portugal* is certainly high on the Hit Parade, has been for quite a while and probably will be for a while; and *Blue Tango* was up there for weeks and weeks. But we have always had Latin American numbers that were extremely popular, and until they take over seven or even five of the top ten tunes, I don't think we can say there is a trend.

A company was formed recently by two songwriters in New York and they called it "Horrible Tunes Inc." The songwriters had been moderately successful, turning out orthodox tunes in Tin Pan Alley, but after checking the past hits they decided that what the public wanted was noisy, raucous melody and lyrics. People who have noted the success of noise have suggested that maybe we are returning to the kind of tune that was so popular in the early Roaring Twenties, following that war.

"Bop" is dead. Whether it will be revived under another name in the near future is anyone's guess. Dixieland music still has its faithful followers. Any time Muggsy Spanier or Phil Napoleon or Jimmy McPartland come into town the faithful flock out to see them and hear them play pretty well the same tunes they've been playing for years. The added excitement is that usually there is a new tenor sax man or a new clarinetist with the old group and you compare his ability to the one who was here last time, and the arguments go on long into the night.

LISTER SINCLAIR

Letter from Montreal

Life of Privacy and Freedom

NOW THE SCHOOLS have closed and most of the women and children have fled from Montreal, at least from that part of Montreal that hugs the base of Mount Royal and climbs its slopes. Even garden suburbs like Hampstead and the Town of Mount Royal are emptier than they were a few weeks ago.

The women and children have departed to all points of the compass. They have gone to St. Andrew's and the coast of Maine, to the Eastern Townships and the Lower St. Lawrence; in droves they have gone north to the Laurentian lakes and a notable few have departed for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island to spend the summer. Even some who have recently returned from the Coronation are rolling up the rugs and joining the rest of their friends who can afford to get out of town.

When you stop to look at it, this annual exodus from Montreal is a strange phenomenon. Large numbers of those who leave the city for the summer find themselves in houses by no means as lovely as the ones they left behind. Where else in Canada, except in Fredericton, are there finer elms that those that shade the streets of Montreal? Few country gardens can match the best-tended garden spots within fifteen minutes from Peel and St. Catherine. But most of these city gardens have been planned to show their glory in May, and when the jonquils and the tulips die, their brilliance is gone.

The idea used to be that one went to the country for quiet and rest. But the typical rural resort favored by well-to-do Montrealers develops through July and August a party-life far more hectic than any that can be found in the city—day after day of parties with all the nagging social obligations they involve. So one comes to the conclusion that in certain sections of Montreal the summer exodus is not motivated by an old-fashioned love of the land or the seaside. One leaves the city at the appropriate season because it is the thing to do.

But when the women and children leave, Montreal becomes a different sort of place. More than ever it becomes the man's city it used to be in the days of its beginnings.

Not long ago at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court in the Ritz, a place where one inevitably meets friends any day of the week during the winter, there were two elderly couples having tea; the rest of the company were men. At the Colony, The 400 and the Café Martin it tends to be much the same; American tourists are there in numbers, but since it is only the men alone or in small groups who know one another, the rooms seem relaxed and contented. The children of the bread-winners are in the country, their wives too, and until the time comes for them to take their holidays in July and August, they are on their own in the city.

For the men in Montreal—at least those in the upper-income brackets—a life of privacy and freedom from interference begins in mid-June and generally lasts till Labor Day. Business becomes more and more leisurely, they can eat when they like and go to bed or stay up when they please. They can wake in the mornings undisturbed by children's clamors, they can play golf or tennis at the end of the day and lounge in the clubhouse as long as they like, they can go sailing—sometimes all night—on Lake St. Louis, and whenever they feel like it they can take in a nightclub on the spur of the moment. If their families are summering in the Laurentians or the Eastern Townships, they can break the routine by driving out to the country on Friday evenings. And when does the country look fairer or smell sweeter than when a man is driving into it to rejoin his family after a week alone in town?

THIS YEAR two semi-professional repertory theatres are operating in Montreal, one of them occupying the customary site on the mountain beside Beaver Lake. There are regularly scheduled band concerts, their upkeep provided by a loving Montrealer, which vary their performances from park to park and from day to day. There is the newly equipped playground of St. Helen's Island in the middle of the St. Lawrence with its pools and beaches and shady groves, and a fine view across the channel as the lights come on in the great city. When darkness has fallen along the tree-shaded streets, there is a softer flow of life, an easier gait as

CAT AND THE FIDDLE

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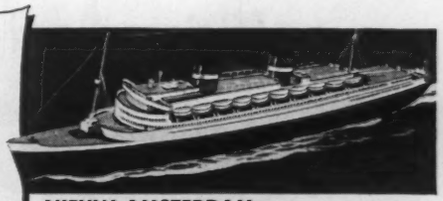

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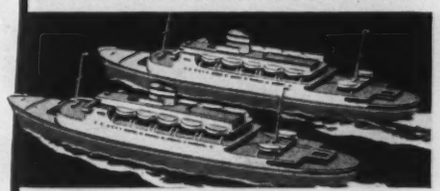

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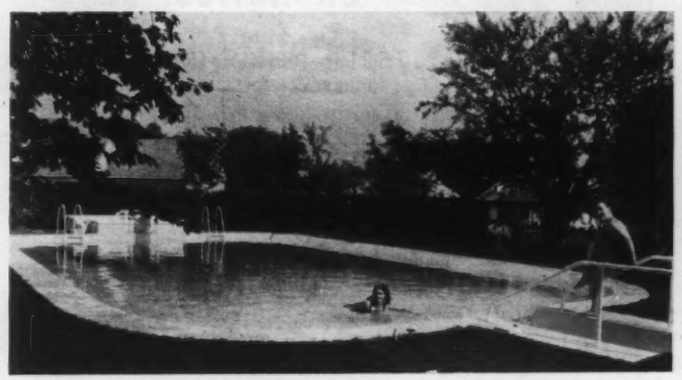

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The Headmaster

LESTER R. PERKINS

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boys and girls and men and women stroll in light dresses and summer suits, just as though there had never been cold winds to stiffen legs on these same streets such a short while before.

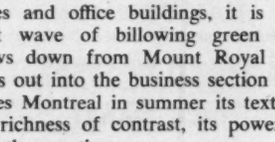
Also there are the Royals, who play good ball under the lights in Delormier Park. When, if ever, will the Royals and the Leafs be admitted to the major leagues? I don't know about Toronto, but it seems to me that Montreal is just as worthy of a major league club as Milwaukee is. The old Braves are doing fine out there now and Milwaukee citizens are doing fine by the Braves. If Montreal had a major league club in a better ball park, there is little doubt it would pay its way. At present the Royals are probably good enough to beat Pittsburgh or the Tigers and probably the Browns as well. We wait and hope.

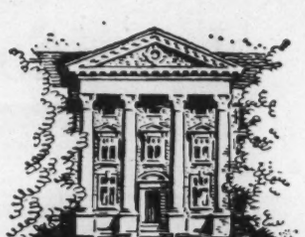
There is another side of this summer phenomenon as the face of Montreal changes, as the well-known leave and the tourists arrive. Most of Montreal lives in apartments or flats of one kind or another and by far the majority, as is the case everywhere in big cities, lives in over-crowded areas. For every Montrealer who can afford to leave the city all summer, there are thousands who stay. And for these hundreds of thousands there are too few playgrounds, no really fine beaches such as the cities on the Great Lakes can provide, too few parks, too many narrow streets reeking with exhaust fumes and the stench of chimney and factory smoke. The heat in Montreal can be as fierce as in Singapore and occasionally in a bad summer it lasts for days without relief, not even in the small hours of the morning.

Still, in spite of the drawn faces one sees on the streets in a heat wave, one suspects that a large number of Montrealers who grew up on farms would never leave the city in the summer, even if they could. The holiday-maker from the city is too romantic about farms. He forgets that a corn-field in August can be hotter than a city street and that the farmer passes more time in the fields than any city dweller ever spends on the pavements.

In the current issue of *Holiday*, Montreal is listed as one of the twelve most exciting cities in North America. So indeed it is, and if the number were cut to half a dozen this old establishment on the St. Lawrence would probably make the list still, if only just. But it never would have received this accolade if it had been judged solely on its showing in the winter. It is that contrast between trees and office buildings, it is that soft wave of billowing green that flows down from Mount Royal and fans out into the business section that gives Montreal in summer its texture, its richness of contrast, its power to stir the emotions.

HUGH MACLENNAN





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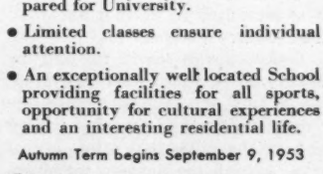

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Books

The American World of Words

ANY CANADIAN who uses words with care must at some time make up his mind whether he is going to be guided by an American or an English dictionary. Hovering, as we do, between two cultures which share a language, this is a problem which confronts us but which does not bother the rest of the world nearly so much. The decision is one over which a surprising number of people become hot and wrathy; they may be heard to declare with passion that they would not have a Webster (or an Oxford, or a Funk & Wagnall's, or a Collins, or whatever it may be) in their house. Too often such a decision is made on grounds of political sympathy rather than considerations of the merits of the dictionaries themselves. There is no special virtue in an English dictionary simply because it is English; there is no reason to suppose that the pronunciations in an American dictionary are illiterate if they differ from those in use in England. The fact must be faced that the influence of the U.S.A. on spoken English is very great, because Hollywood movies carry American pronunciations and the tune of American speech all over the world. Therefore, when I took up the new *Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language* to review it, I tried to do so without prejudice.

This book, let it be observed, deals with the American language, and the ways in which this differs from Standard English are discussed with admirable clarity and fairness by Harold Whitehall in a prefatory article. We cannot quarrel with the American language because it is not the English language, but we are free to choose which path we shall follow. If it is the American language we choose, this book will prove an excellent guide, and we shall be better pleased with it than with, say, Funk and Wagnall's, or the Twentieth Century Webster, both of which call themselves dictionaries of the English language, but are not truly so.

What about the scholarship of this book? Of course it is easy to form a poor opinion of a book containing 142,000 entries because one has found a few errors in it, and this would be unfair. Still, dictionaries are not supposed to make mistakes. For instance, in this dictionary a "cassock" is defined as a vestment; a "vestment" is defined as "any of the garments worn by officiants and their assistants during certain services and rites". This does not make the definition of "cassock" absolutely wrong, but it is too far wrong for a dictionary, and a stricter definition could have been formed by consulting the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

That miserable word "motivate" finds a home here, although it is a bastard word of no root, which the Oxford dictionaries very properly ignore. And this is no silly quibble: languages must grow, but they should be discouraged from growing suckers, like an ill-tended shrub. There is no place where the boneless "motivate" can be used that the excellent "move" cannot be used with greater effect. A dictionary may acknowledge the use of such a word, but should surely give some hint of its graceless state. Sucker-words ought not to be able to claim dictionary sanction.

On the other hand, this book has many virtues, and one of the greatest, in my opinion, is that it makes some use, though still too limited a use, of the International Phonetic Alphabet, which is quite the best way of indicating pronunciations. It uses pictures liberally, and thus saves space on many difficult definitions; such words as "rabbet" and "quoin" are better explained by a picture than by descriptions. The American and European plan of including a large amount of encyclopaedic material is followed, and there is no denying that this is convenient. English scholars, I was once informed, are expected to have the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and the *Dictionary of National Biography* always at hand; that means that one must invest about $400 in these books, or do all one's work in a library.

THE American dictionaries try to give a generous part of all these books within one pair of covers, and they succeed to a surprising degree. Although you will not find Isambard Kingdom Brunel, you will find Charles Brockden Brown. You will not be informed about Archibald Lampman, Charles G. D. Roberts, or Frederick Philip Grove, but you will be able to find Stephen Leacock, Bliss Carman, and Frederick Banting. And you will find that some of the definitions—that of "Rosicrucian", for instance — are more careful as to where they lay their emphasis than are those in the *Britannica*.

Upon the whole, this is an excellent dictionary of the American lan-

From the Illustrated Junior Library Edition of "Alice in Wonderland"

In "Alice in Wonderland"—at the Mad Hatter's tea party—Alice and the Dormouse were talking.

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—."

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took great interest in questions of eating . . .

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice remarked gently, "they'd have been ill."

Alice had the right idea about nutrition

ALICE KNEW that no one could live on treacle (molasses) alone, or any other single food. Indeed, she had the right idea about good nutrition.

Even today, unfounded claims are made about the "magic powers" of particular foods. Such claims should be disregarded. Authorities have proved that good health depends largely on eating *a wide variety of properly chosen and properly prepared foods*. These include meat, eggs, milk, fruits, vegetables, enriched and whole-grain bread and cereals.

How much and what kinds of foods you should eat to maintain health and *desirable weight* depends on your age, your physical condition and the kind of work you do. An older person, for example, who is not physically active needs less of the foods that produce energy. He should have generous amounts of the foods that furnish protein, vitamins, and minerals essential to the upkeep and repair of the body.

Your meals, if well-balanced, will supply these and other necessary elements in the proper amounts. Protein, for example, is needed to build and repair the tissues of the body. The vitamins and minerals are necessary because they affect or take part in many chemical processes in the body. Proteins, vitamins and minerals are found in many foods. Good nutrition depends upon eating a *variety* of such foods.

Today, scientists are learning more and more about the various food elements, such as the amino acids which are the basic components of protein. Research has shown that there are some 22 of these substances and that at least 8 to 10 of them are essential to good nutrition.

In order to obtain them, a diet varied in protein content is necessary. It has also been found that the amino acids are not fully utilized if certain vitamins are lacking. These facts all point to the importance of eating a *variety* of foods.

There is more to good eating habits, however, than simply *what* you eat. So, to help you get the full benefit from your food, here are some suggestions that you may follow:

Have your meals at regular hours.

Eat slowly and in a relaxed atmosphere.

Avoid strenuous exercise just before and immediately after eating.

See the doctor if you have frequent digestive upsets.

Have dental defects repaired promptly.

Follow your doctor's suggestions about reducing diets.

Medical science has learned a great deal about the role of nutrition in the treatment of certain diseases. In fact, proper dietary control is often helpful in treating diabetes, high blood pressure and other conditions.

The *immediate* function of your food, however, is to provide your body with the energy you need for daily activities. Metropolitan's free booklet, "Food for the Family," discusses the essential nutritive elements, tells why you need them and what foods supply them. By following sensible rules about diet you may have longer life and greater ability to enjoy it.

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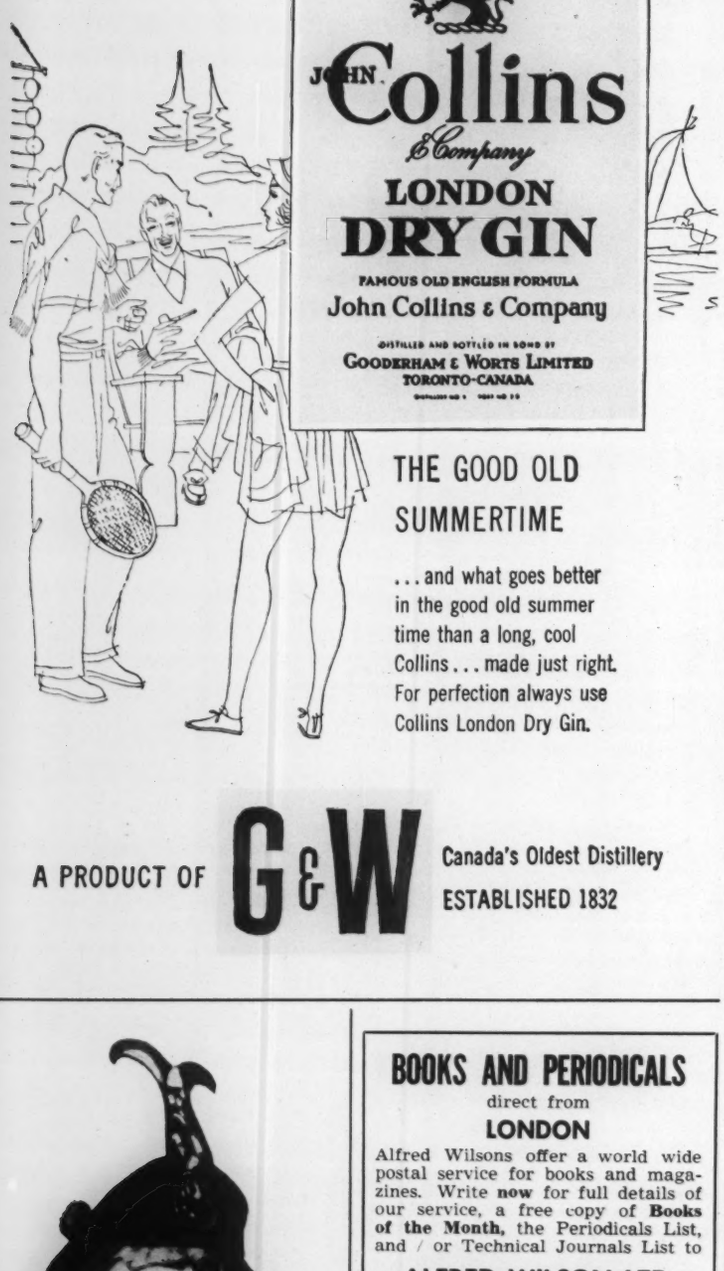

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guage, and if you have need of one, here is good value for your money. But may I beg you not to buy it and then defy all comers who prefer English dictionaries? The man with one dictionary is always in hot water unless he is prepared to take a broad view and admit that those used by his friends—always provided that they are reputable works, prepared by scholars, and not trashy compilations by hacks—may also have merit.

THE WONDERS and the eloquence of the American language are not best examined in a dictionary; some of its triumphs, however, are daily displayed in Walt Kelly's comic strip *Pogo*, of which a volume comes to hand. The popularity of this strip, I feel, does not spring from its drawings, pleasing though they are, nor its ingenious stories, nor from its satire, which rarely becomes sharply focussed; it comes from its wonderful dialogue. It is what the creatures in *Pogo* say which is memorable, rather than what they do.

Kelly sets forth his dialogue in the usual comic strip balloons, but he has brought a calligraphic mastery to the balloon which no other comic strip artist has ever dreamed of. His balloons are always beautifully printed, and the script varies from Italic, for the ordinary characters, to a Victorian Gothic script for Deacon Mushrat, and a fine circus type for the rhetorical bear. And in these balloons we find the fun of a man who loves words and uses them with brilliance.

It is not differences in usage which most strongly set American English apart from Standard English, but an adventurous and playful attitude towards language in which the American people, for a time, showed their great national vitality. During the past quarter of a century this playfulness has become stereotyped, and the vitality has been tamed in most American writers, but in Kelly it is still wonderfully alive.

Everything is grist that comes to his mill. He thinks nothing of tossing a gobbet of Latin to his readers—Latin with a joke hidden in it. He makes full and brilliant use of alliteration and puns—two delights of language which professors have taught us to despise. Yet there is a strain of the old Anglo-Celt in most of us, which makes us delight in alliteration, and there is something magical about a good pun. As Freud has pointed out, it seems to lift the lid off the cauldron of thought, and give us a thrilling peep into the bubbling stew. Kelly is masterly in his creation of portmanteau words, in his sly allusions to things which a majority of his readers are unlikely to know, in his Joycean gyrings and gimblings ("Good King Sauerkraut, LOOK OUT! On your feets uneven . . .") and in his ability to make the reader laugh on two or three different levels of his mind at one time.

The present *Pogo* volume is worth having for the Muckey Spleen story, *The Bloody Drip*, alone; this is worth a volume of literary criticism applied to the story of crime and violence. Working in a medium which (very properly) is not taken seriously, Walt Kelly is one of the most interesting and gifted writers in the U.S.A. today.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE—pp. 1724—*Nelson, Foster & Scott—Plain $5.50; Indexed $6.50.*

UNCLE POGO'S SO-SO STORIES—by Walt Kelly—*Musson—$1.35.*

Purging Complacency

A GREAT HISTORIAN enjoys a clarity of vision comparable with that of a great philosopher or a great poet. Not only does he amass a great amount of information (which virtually anyone can do) but he can arrange his information in such a way that it reveals mighty secrets to him, and through him to others. Such a historian is Arnold J. Toynbee and his little book *The World and The West* is not only excellent in itself but is also, because of its timeliness, of special importance at present. Indeed, no book of greater importance for everybody has been published this year.

We know what The West is. It is ourselves; it is the British Commonwealth, the U.S.A. and the European countries which we think of as really civilized. And what do we think about the West? We think that it is intelligent, humane, progressive and strongly desirous of peace and prosperity for all men. (We have our reservations about those wicked Germans, of course, but if only they were better led . . . if only they were more like *us* . . .)

What is The World? Of course it is Russia, and Asia, and Africa. The World is backward. The World wishes it were more like us, but it can never hope to be so because it lacks our moral superiority. The World is, regrettably, not Christian. (Of course, we are not always perfectly Christian ourselves, but we think that other people, and especially inferior people, should be so.) The World is jealous of us, and wants to do us down. We must keep a sharp eye on The World.

Professor Toynbee, who thinks in centuries, and not in years, and who thinks with disconcerting individuality, tells us what The World really thinks about us. It thinks us clever, and envies and fears our technological skill. It knows us to be disturbing fanatics; are we not always trying to push our way of doing things upon it; and do we not impudently send it missionaries to foist upon it a religion which we do not practise? Not since the Turks failed to capture Vienna in 1683 has The World invaded The West; but The West has leapt like a tiger upon the World.

The West has taught The World many things, and one of the chief of these is a dynamic faith, Communism, which had its origins in England. It is a faith so much more coherent and promising than our Christianity. It is not for the black and yellow millions in The World to see that Communism is in reality a Christian heresy; they see only that it shows them a pathway to equality with The West. They strove in the first place to grasp Western technology, while rejecting all else that was Western, but they could not do so; and now they have a wild

farrago of Western ideas, of which Communism is but one.

Is understanding between The West and The World possible? All things are possible, but we may not achieve this understanding completely on our own terms. Professor Toynbee is hopeful, as a man who thinks in centuries may well be.

His book is arranged from the series of Reith Lectures which he delivered for the British Broadcasting Corporation. As we read we reflect upon the splendor which broadcasting can achieve, when circumstances are favorable, and it makes us think more affectionately of The West. This is a pill to purge complacency, and like any good pill, it leaves us feeling much better.

THE WORLD AND THE WEST—by Arnold J. Toynbee—pp. 99—*Oxford*—$2.00.

In Brief

THE STATE THE ENEMY—by Sir Ernest Benn—pp. 175—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.00.

The State is the enemy of man; Keynesian economics are damnable; freedom has gone to the dogs; this is the age of the supremacy of the weakling. Sir Ernest Benn, a British businessman and publisher, burns with a hot and angry fire against the Welfare State in all its parts. He even finds skulduggery in the National Debt — the chapter on the State and Fraud is an interesting indictment.

The dazzle of Sir Ernest's statements nearly blinds one to fallacies in his methods of arguing. Yet there is a quixotic and appealing lucidity in what he says, with his assumption that nothing basic has happened to human society since Adam Smith's *laissez-faire*, Spencer's sociology and Victorian *laissez-aller*. But Spencer on this theme was pricked in his own time as trying, according to Wells, "to raise public shiftlessness to the dignity of a national policy." So the book is provocative and provoking, with a myopic nostalgia for times when Britain ruled the commercial roost, children were seen and not heard, and planners were neither seen nor heard.

ATOMIC ENERGY FOR THE LAYMAN—by Sir Arthur L. Dixon—pp. 221—*Copp Clark*—$2.00.

The author hopes that this book will "convey some enlightenment to members of the Police and Fire Services in Britain, amongst others." He was formerly principal assistant Under Secretary of State for the Fire Service Department. This reviewer reckons himself amongst the others, and acknowledges that its information is plainly presented and adequately up to date, considering American publications on the same theme and that its first edition was published in 1950. Even the H-bomb gets notice. A cheap, general handbook.

FIVE STARS OVER CHINA—by Mary Austin Endicott—pp. 464 illustrated — *Canadian Far Eastern Newsletter*—$2.00.

The Endicotts were in China as teachers and missionaries for 22 years to 1941. They have returned twice since, the last time in 1952 on the invitation (to visit China and Russia) of "the people's peace organizations" there. This is a womanly report on what they saw and felt about the "post-revolution developments" last year. They found them good.

No one can deny that Dr. Jim Endicott and his wife know China and the Chinese more thoroughly than most Canadians. For that reason alone this well-constructed account should be read by all Canadians concerned about China's transformation and place. Many readers will be annoyed by Mrs. Endicott's starry-eyed simplifications and good will (a fault they may find in other missionaries used to painting their messages to natives in black and white). If only because it is a corroboration of what other, less credulous, recent Western visitors have found in the new China, this should impress them: China is on the march.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT — by Hiram Miller Stout—pp. 433—*Oxford University Press*—$8.00.

This is a text-book designed primarily for American university students. It describes the present-day structure and practice of British government. A general reader will be bored by it. A research student of the subject might find it a valuable compendium which lays the subject bare down to the fact that a British civil servant serves a two-year probationary period. It is not startling to be told that "the foundations of the Commonwealth were laid at a time when Britain's power was at its zenith," and the text has little room for a man like Churchill.

CANADA: NATION ON THE MARCH—adapted from lectures at the Town Hall, New York—pp. 212 illustrated and indexed—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.50.

The story twenty noted Canadians told last spring in a special series of lectures for Americans is at long last becoming familiar in outline to many Canadians. Because it is, they will want to put this excellently printed, authoritatively told record on their own shelves. As a gift book to send to Canadians abroad and to impress Canada on foreign friends, it is without peer this year. The writers are as varied as L. B. Pearson, Principal Mackintosh of Queen's, John Diefenbaker, industrialist James S. Duncan, Labor star Patrick Conroy and pulp and paper knight Robert M. Fowler. Topics range from Chalk River to wheat pools.

THE ROMMEL PAPERS—edited by B. H. Liddell Hart—pp. 545—*Collins*—$5.00.

The impact that Rommel made on the world with the sword has been deepened by his power with the pen, as Captain Liddell Hart prophesied in his introduction to the papers here published. Liddell Hart has been criticized for giving his name and skill to this compilation, as if he were deliberately exalting an enemy and diminishing his own generals' feats. Nothing of the sort. Rommel was a great commander, and the editor has merely dealt with the papers as objectively, accurately and graphically as Rommel himself did in the narrative and letters which form the core of the book.

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as a treatise on the art of war. For historians it is a record of nation-moving generalship and the Nazi period. It fascinates other readers, despite its length and detail, because it is the true, awesome story of a man of dedicated genius and heroic force in epochal times, all of which at the end struck him down. Rommel's career in Italy and his last days (he took poison on demand) are described by his son, Manfred Rommel.

WINSTON CHURCHILL—by Virginia Cowles—pp. 378—*British Book Service*—$4.00.

Sir Winston was a premature baby, born in a cloak-room at Blenheim Palace, and he was a redhead. What these circumstances have to do with the prodigious man who, despite the fame which he sought and won, has been Prime Minister only twice, others than the author may say in the future.

This is not to imply that Miss Cowles shies at analysis and assessment of her great man, his mistakes, with his triumphs on a similar grandiose scale, and she quotes Augustine Birrell's 1908 judgment of the maturing Churchill: "His tendency to see first the rhetorical possibility in any policy." If he had not crossed the parliamentary floor from Conservative to Liberal benches in 1905, and subsequently had become Prime Minister instead of Baldwin, the last great war might not have taken place, Miss Cowles says. "However, if all this had happened, it is also possible that Winston would not have emerged as a great man. Great men are judged for the wars they win, not the wars they prevent."

This is the best single book on Churchill that has been written, not for its historical and political assessments, but because it is a lively, balanced portrait of the man and his era. It is sufficiently personal and anecdotal to give his flavor in the flesh (the author has been an intimate of the family at Chertwell). It is wide enough in its sympathies and understanding to present well the Victorian and Edwardian Churchill, the war and post-war Titan, and the Puck who now wears the Garter.

Time and the author justify Churchill's egoism, plainly revealed throughout the biography, but one questions whether this man of emotion, impulse and ambition is as intellectual as Miss Cowles makes out. True, he is interested in ideas, not primarily in people, but his ideas are intuitive; logic is turned to fortify them.

One of the fresh Churchill stories is this. In 1939, Churchill told the author with impish relish how a destroyer had dropped a depth charge, but instead of its finding a submarine, bits of wreckage came to the surface. "And would you believe it," he added, "there was a door bobbing around with my initials on it! I wanted to recount this important occurrence in a speech, but Mr. Chamberlain cut it out. . . He thinks my taste is questionable."

Miss Cowles wisely deals sparingly with the war years; these are best recounted in Churchill's own words.

T. J. A.

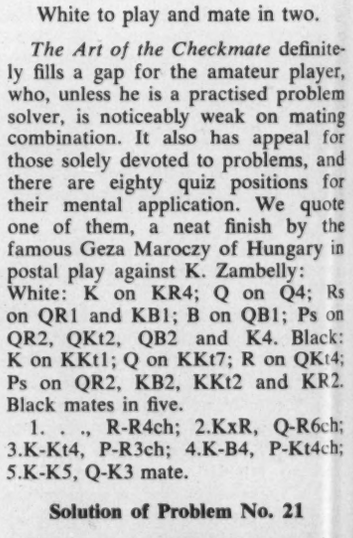
Chess Problem

SOMETHING NEW in a chess book compilation and classification is *The Art of the Checkmate* by two former French champions, Georges Renaud and Victor Kahn, translated by W. J. Taylor and published by Simon and Schuster at $3.50. Its 208 pages deal with the various types of mates familiar in actual play, illustrated by many sparkling games, nearly all brevities.

A nomenclature has been given these grouped mating positions, the majority carrying the names of the players who likely first demonstrated them. We find credited such famous past exponents as Lolli, Damiano, Greco, Morphy, Anderssen and Pillsbury. Other mates we have, of course, the smothered mate, long credited to Damiano, and an important trio in the Gueridon, Epaulettes and Corridor mates.

Problem No. 22, by C. Mansfield

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Ten Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

The Art of the Checkmate definitely fills a gap for the amateur player, who, unless he is a practised problem solver, is noticeably weak on mating combination. It also has appeal for those solely devoted to problems, and there are eighty quiz positions for their mental application. We quote one of them, a neat finish by the famous Geza Maroczy of Hungary in postal play against K. Zambelly:
White: K on KR4; Q on Q4; Rs on QR1 and KB1; B on QB1; Ps on QR2, QKt2, QB2 and K4. Black: K on KKt1; Q on KKt7; R on QKt4; Ps on QR2, KB2, KKt2 and KR2. Black mates in five.

1. . ., R-R4ch; 2.KxR, Q-R6ch; 3.K-Kt4, P-R3ch; 4.K-B4, P-Kt4ch; 5.K-K5, Q-K3 mate.

Solution of Problem No. 21

Key-move 1.Q-Kt2, threatening 2.R-B5 mate. If B-Q4ch; 2.R-B4 mate. If B-Q5; 2.Kt-Q3 mate. If Kt-Q4 or R-Q4; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If R-Q5; 2.P-K8(Q) mate. If BxKBP; 2.QRxB mate.

Besides leaving the black R pinned, the defence Kt-Q4 is a self-interference of his QB and also a self-block after the white interference reply 2.Kt-B6 mate. The defence B-Q4ch also has a multiple effect. If K-Q5; 2.R-B6 or RxKt mates.

"CENTAUR"

Business

Isolationist Sterling Trade Area?

By HAROLD WINCOTT

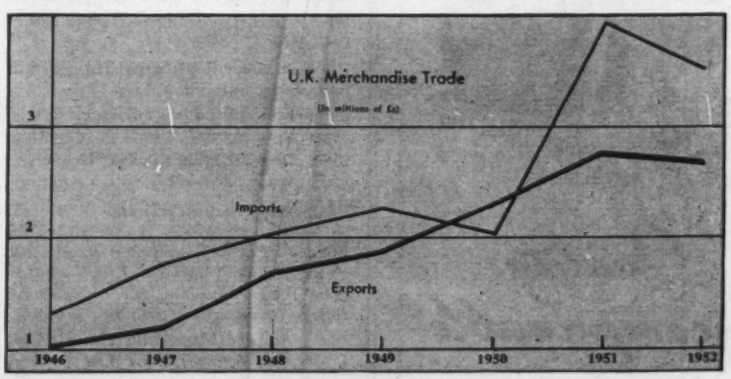
LONDON: A substantial number of thinking people in this country are becoming increasingly attracted by the idea of a more or less self-contained sterling trade area. Whether the majority thinks on these lines it is difficult to say, but it is not impossible that this is the case. It is fairly safe to assume that most supporters of the Labor Party would be in favor of a deliberate re-orientation of our trade away from the dollar area. Left-wing Conservatives sometimes air similar views. Lord Beaverbrook, whether he realizes it or not, would find that his own pet philosophy of Empire Free Trade led to the same destination.

The present British Government, it is safe to say, thinks otherwise; witness the coining months ago of the phrase "Trade, not aid" by R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer. But it must at times have its doubts. Thus, after the recent conference of Commonwealth Premiers, the official communique said:

"The Commonwealth countries should adhere firmly to the long-term objectives and lines of policy laid down (in December, 1952). In the meantime it (is) essential to take advantage of the improved outlook for the sterling area by continuing to strengthen the economy of each of the countries concerned. Particular attention was given to the need for stimulating development, for expanding exports and, consistently with the maintenance of adequate reserves, for removing progressively restrictions on trade over as wide an area as possible, and especially within the Commonwealth and sterling area."

This can mean—and has meant—all things to all men. The trouble is, of course, that the foreign economic policy, or possibly more accurately, the lack of one, of the Eisenhower Administration is not exactly conducive to liberal thinking here. To put matters on the other foot, there has been in recent months a pretty constant stream of items of economic news from the United States, often mis-stated or badly reported in this country, which has been calculated to play right into the hands of those who for one reason or another positively *want* a re-orientation of our trade.

Earlier estimates of the extent of the dollar "gap" have been substantially reduced. The sterling area got into balance last year and has remained in balance since. The trend of exports of UK manufacturers to both the United States and Canada in recent months have been most encouraging, reflecting without any doubt the diversion of effort enforced on our industrialists by the shutting down of formerly "easy" markets in the sterling area. But despite these encouraging events there is still a good deal of defeatism about the future; a mistrust of the permanence of the recovery of 1952 and 1953.



This defeatism and mistrust springs from various causes. Firstly, there is the widespread feeling that the recent prosperity in the United States cannot continue; that by the end of 1953 or the beginning of 1954 recession must set in. Comparisons are made with earlier periods of declining industrial activity—not with periods of slump but of "moderate" recesson, such as occurred in 1937-38 and 1948-49—and the dire consequences of such setbacks to Britain's economic position are duly noted. One can sense an almost pathological anxiety to insulate ourselves from a recurrence of these experiences. And generally the remedy advocated is the same—the establishment of a closely knit, comfortable sterling trade area which would be relatively immune from and independent of the "volatile" U.S. economy.

Secondly, there are the natural handicaps for our industrialists attempting to compete in what are undeniably "difficult" markets. Despite the advantages inherent in our relatively low wage-structure, it is certainly a man-sized job for any UK industrialist to establish himself permanently in American markets.

Even our traditional exports, such as woollens and worsteds and china, are now costly to establish, and experience has proved that the stock losses a moderate recession can cause can wipe out the hard-won profits of "good" years. Frequently one hears the view here that the abolition of U.S. tariffs wouldn't make a great deal of difference to the volume of our exports, while if "trade not aid" becomes a two-way slogan, American exports could make things very uncomfortable for us in third markets.

Finally, there is the unfortunate impression that has been created that the United States is a "one-way trader" anyway, and however much opinion there may swing against "aid", Americans prefer that to trade which might cause local disturbance to indigenous manufacturers. Here, certainly, there has been plenty of ammunition recently for our isolationists. A lack of understanding of the time a new Government requires to find its feet and enter into far-reaching and revolutionary changes of policy explains a good deal. But the setback to hopes of early sterling convertibility because of the diffidence in Washington about underwriting such an operation; the rejection of foreign tenders for reasons which are not apparent here; the impression that the U.S. aircraft industry is out to block our new products in markets it regards as its prerogative—all these and other similar incidents encourage those who doubt whether Churchill's war-time words, "Westwards look, the sky is bright", any longer obtain.

It would be idle to deny that the present volume of defeatist thinking on this subject might eventually influence the Conservative administration's policy. At the moment, however, that administration is very properly prepared in economic and trade policy to continue with the aims it laid down for itself when it assumed office. It is, however, very much aware of the fact that any other policy might well set up political consequences within the Commonwealth and in Anglo-American relations which would ensure it was not only in economic terms that we achieved isolation.

THERE IS plenty of evidence, however, that the British Labor Party, at least while it constitutes the Opposition, thinks otherwise, and it would, one can only conclude, be as well if public opinion in the United States appreciated quite clearly where a continuance of recent events might push this country. The Labor Party has recently issued its "platform" for the next election, entitled "Challenge to Britain." This is a far-ranging document, but for the purpose of this article it is enough to say that it reeks of eastward-looking economic isolation for sterling area trade. The program therein outlined spells out no reluctant *faute de mieux* acceptance of attempted autarchy for the sterling area, but rather a joyfully embraced, positive welcome for such a policy.

This is not surprising. For one thing, it is well known that the left-wing of the party is out of sympathy with American philosophy on most counts. For another, all sections of the Labor Party are believers in the planned economy, and "Challenge to Britain" is certainly a planner's delight, with its sterling area organizations, sterling area development plans, Commonwealth development corporations, export promotion corporations, more stringent control of capital exports, and so on. Finally, there has always been a strong streak of sentimentalism and isolationism about the British Labor Party, with its nostalgia for the guilds of Merrie England of pre-industrial revolution days, and the strange paradox that an allegedly international party often refuses to admit foreign labor for fear of a threat to living standards.

To outline such a program as that contained in "Challenge to Britain" is not, of course, to ensure that it would work. But that reflection is beside the point. The point is, we must accept the probability that if the Labor Party got the chance it would try to make the program work. The consequences might well be dire. They might well put the British Commonwealth under such strains that that loose-knit organization could not survive them. One may hope that even the faintest possibility of such a happening will cause the Eisenhower Administration to consider whether the inauguration of a genuinely more liberal economic policy would not be a most worthwhile investment. If it is a minority of British people to whom the economic autarchy of "Challenge to Britain" is wholly repugnant, it would seem that that minority is worthy of all the encouragement Washington can give it. And, of course, the matter is not without interest to Canada, for it is difficult to see where an expanding Anglo-Canadian trade would fit, in an isolationist sterling area.

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Class "B" Dividend No. 23

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By order of the board.

L. R. GRAY,
Secretary

London, Ontario,
June 26th, 1953.

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Canada Machinery

WHAT IS *your opinion on Canada Machinery Corp. Ltd.?—T. B., Moncton, NB.*

The latest annual report shows that the company in 1952 had one of the best years in its history. Net profits improved from $170,578, or $1.71 per share to $213,717, or $2.14 per share.

Working capital was increased from $665,565 to $762,025, while funded debt was reduced to $25,000 and bank loans to $30,232. Inventory of $730,073, while up somewhat from 1951, is below the level of working capital.

From these figures it appears that the company is soundly managed and is in good financial health.

As a builder of heavy machinery, the company is rather vulnerable to the continuing decline in expenditures on capital goods, but its good financial position plus an extensive modernization program places it in a strong position to meet increased competition.

In the market, the stock has traded in a narrow range between 8¾ and 4⅞ since 1946. At the present price of 8, assuming the current, semi-annual dividend of 25 plus 10 cents will be maintained, a yield of 8.7 per cent is available. As this rate is one-third of earnings, it appears well protected and the stock should be held for income.

Mitmor Oil

I OWN *a small block of Mitmor Oil and Gas, purchased at 60. I would appreciate your views as to whether I should hold this stock or take my loss now.—F. R. D., Lambeth, Ont.*

At its present price of 32, Mitmor has apparently bottomed out. The present drilling program holds some promise of success and it is suggested that you hold your stock at this time.

Mining Corporation

I HAVE SOME *shares of Mining Corporation and I would appreciate your opinion of the prospcts of this company as to its ability to maintain the present dividend rate. — J. McK., Cornwall, Ont.*

Mining Corporation is a holding and exploration company with three main subsidiaries. These partly owned companies are Quemont Mining Corp., Normetal Mining Corp. and Torbrit Silver Mines Ltd.

In 1952 these companies, due to lower prices for metals and the general increase in operating costs, reported net earnings as follows, with the comparable figures for 1951 shown in parentheses:

Quemont $4,272,712 ($5,237,795), Normetal $2,076,015 ($2,799,646), Torbrit $276,637 ($572,739). A total reduction of $1,984,816.

With Torbrit shut down by a strike, low prices prevailing for lead and zinc, and lower prices in prospect for copper, it appears that earnings for 1953 will show a further reduction and be reflected in the earnings of the parent company, which were $3,584,146 in 1952. The 1952 dividend of $1 per share, totalling $2,134,807, represented a high percentage of pay-out of the net earnings.

Mining Corp. plans to extend its exploration and development activities considerably this year, which will increase operating costs, and the earnings, including the income received from the important holdings in Hudson Bay Mining and Kerr-Addison, are down; therefore, there is considerable doubt about the stability of the current dividend.

The present price of the stock, 12, which is just about in line with total assets, reflects the doubts, and a recovery beyond 15 would appear difficult.

National Hosiery Mills

I WOULD APPRECIATE *your views on a holding I have in National Hosiery Mills Ltd. On my initial investment, the dividend on the class "B" stock affords a return of exactly 8%. I know the company is either the leader or near-leader in its line, but in view of the uncertain outlook in the textile industry do you think it advisable to hold for the dividends or sell?—J. F. L., Montreal.*

With the stock holding near the 1952-1953 lows of 7 and the company apparently maintaining its competitive position, with an increase in physical volume of goods partially offsetting price declines forced by imported goods, it hardly appears a sale at the present level of 7¼.

Sales for the first quarter of this year have improved over the same period of last year, according to the president, and it appears that the present dividend rate can be maintained. Inventories of $822,188, while above working capital of $781,541, which fell from the $950,315 shown at the end of 1951, were reduced from $957,332 to maintain balance with working capital. This shows a better than average position. Thus the stock appears to be a good hold for the long pull.

Cockshutt

I WOULD *be much obliged if you would inform me whether you consider the common stock of Cockshutt Farm Equipment Ltd., now priced at 12½, is worth retaining.—H. A. G., Vancouver.*

With the prices of farm commodities continuing to decline and huge crop surpluses in the United States threatening to bring limitations on plantings for next year's crops, the market for farm implements promises to become even more competitive. It appears, more than ever, that the peak in farm equipment sales has passed and earnings and sales will

show a decline from the record levels of 1952.

The extended decline in the stock from the high of 20 to the low of 12½, where the present dividend affords a yield of 8 per cent, has apparently discounted these unfavorable factors. Given a suitable market climate, it now appears that the stock could recover to about 15. At this level it would seem to be a sale for a switch into high grade bonds.

Auto Electric

COULD YOU *give me some information as to the merits of Auto Electric Service Co. Ltd.?—W. W., Lansing, Ont.*

Auto Electric holds the major franchises for the distribution and servicing of automotive electrical and carburetion equipment in Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Examination of the balance sheets shows the company to be in excellent financial condition. Earnings, current assets and working capital have shown a consistent increase since 1950.

While the stock has not been a volatile performer, the common trading between 7¼ and 9¼ this year, and between 4⅜ and 9¼ since listed, it appears to be a good investment for the long pull. As a service company, dealing in repair parts, its earnings are less vulnerable to the effects of a recession than in most businesses.

Purchase is recommended on weakness bringing both the "A" and the common stocks down to about 6.

Silver Standard Mines

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion of Silver Standard Mines Ltd.?—M. C., Ottawa.*

Under present working conditions, with base metal prices near their lows for the past two years, Silver Standard Mines is operating about as well as can be expected. The drop in metal prices is reflected in the reduction of operating profits for the year ending March 31, 1953, down to $384,309 from the $967,322 shown in 1952. Due to the heavy writeoffs for the new shaft, net earnings per share of 5 cents are not comparable to the 37 cents per share reported in 1952.

Assuming that a similar level of earnings will prevail this year, as the metal markets show little sign of recovering, the indicated gross operating profit of 18-20 cents per share holds little promise of an improvement in the dividend rate. Payments this year have amounted to 5 cents.

If this assumption is correct, the prospects of the stock extending the advance from the recent low of 85 cents much beyond the present price of $1 cannot be considered too good. Sellers would likely be active in the $1.20-1.30 range.

Upper Canada

I HAVE *a number of shares of Upper Canada Mines Ltd. Can you give me some information on this mine?—E. J., St. Catharines, Ont.*

Like a good many other gold mines, in this period of high costs, Upper Canada is doing little more than breaking even. Net profit for 1952 was $193,182, a decrease from the 1951 profit of $264,873. While development work on the new lower levels has blocked out a considerable tonnage of ore with an average grade of $9.03 per ton, and more favorable results are possible from the 1,750 level of the No. 2 shaft, it is evident that only a major reduction of costs or an increase in the price of gold, both of which seem remote at this time, can put the mine on a more profitable basis.

The decline to the recent low of $1.15 would seem to be discounting a reduction in the dividend.

Maxwell Limited

I WOULD *like your opinion on Maxwell Limited.—C. B., Sarnia, Ont.*

Maxwell manufactures washing machines, lawn mowers, wheelbarrows, bolts and machine screws and steel stampings. Operations for 1952 produced a net profit of $178,267 as compared to $175,090 in 1951 and $239,072 in 1950. Sales for 1952 were $4,338,228 as compared to $3,752,524.

Dividends of 6.32½ were paid from this on the outstanding 10,000 shares of preferred stock and $.50 on the outstanding 154,000 shares of common.

Comparison of balance sheet items shows that inventories increased considerably from $829,889 to $1,059,776 and only the addition of $1,200,000 of 5½ per cent debentures to the funded debt, which now totals $1,856,500, brought working capital up to the classical one to one ratio at $1,134,489.

The increasing costs of operation reflected by the increase of sales but not in net profits and the increase in the bond interest to $86,209, point towards a period of narrowing profit margins.

The excessive funded debt, which exceeds working capital by a very considerable margin, and the high ratios of fixed assets and current debt to the estimated tangible net worth show a rather unhealthy financial situation. The common stock, selling at 6 to yield 8.35 per cent, reflects this and casts some doubts on the maintenance of the common dividend rate.

In Brief

CAN YOU *give me any information on Porcupine Grande Mines? —A. J. C., Oshawa.*

This company has been dormant for a long time.

SOME MONTHS *ago I bought some Futurity Oils stock. Should I hold or sell now?—E. C. M., Penticton, BC.*

It seems worth holding at the present time.

I WOULD *appreciate your advice regarding Beta Gamma. Would you advise holding on at the present time? —C. R. W., Vancouver.*

The uranium stocks look pretty tired, if recent market action is any clue. I would suggest you take your profit.

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Who's Who in Business

BRAZIL was discovered by the Portuguese in 1500 and by the Canadians four centuries later. The Portuguese colonized and gave the country its language; the dollar-bearing Canadians — investing where Americans would not—gave it the Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Company Limited.

Straddling the Tropic of Capricorn where it crosses South America, 23 million people live in half a million square miles which form about one-sixth of the country's area. The international company provides them with electric light and power, telephone, gas and transportation.

It gives employment in Brazil to more than 44,000 people and it keeps Oxford-educated Henry Borden, 51, away from his farm at King, Ontario, for as much as one third of each year.

The short (5 feet 7 inches) company president, whose sandy hair is beginning to thin, was only 26 years old when he first became a barrister in London in 1927. That same year he was called to the Bar in his native Nova Scotia; then in Ontario, 11 years later he was appointed a King's Counsel.

Though *Who's Who in Canada* still lists him as a lawyer, in actual fact he does little or no practising today. But his cautious mode of speech reflects the early legal training — a training that equips him well for the diplomatic life of an international executive.

Under his direction in the postwar years, the already-wealthy company (in 1952 it owned property worth $577 million and recorded a net profit of $42 million) has expanded even more. During 1947 the company began to build hydro-electric plants, dams and reservoirs which will almost double the present installed capacity of 1¼ million horsepower.

Multicolored brochures issued by the Brazilian Traction, Light Power Company devote page after page to illustrating similarities between Brazil and Canada. "In both countries", one reads, "there are still vast sections undeveloped; both have tremendous tracts of forest land, great areas long under agricultural cultivation, rich water-power resources and concentrations of expanding industry".

Trade patterns, too, are similar. In 1951 Brazil sent exports worth $40 million to Canada, half in coffee and the rest in such items as cocoa, hemp and oils; Canada sent to the land south of the equator $53 million worth of wheat, automobiles and other products of industry. (Last year, the gap widened to $35 and $81 million respectively, but there is hope in both countries that this was merely a temporary setback and that 1953 will see trade balance out more evenly.)

With the trained lawyer's regard for fundamentals, Henry Borden expresses it thus: "The enduring concept that underlies foreign trade is simple. You have something I want; I have something you want; we trade, and the result is good for both of us. Foreign investment can be, is and must be good for both parties to it".

The Halifax-born lawyer, like many another North American executive, first had experience of foreign relations when he was whisked from his Toronto law firm to act as chairman of the Wartime Industries Control Board and Co-ordinator of Controls for the department of Munitions and Supply. Experience gained there made him an ideal man to fill the presidency

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Robt. F. Clark
Chief Agent for Canada

of Brazilian Traction at a time when world disturbances were hampering expansion.

His frequent trips (about 20 hours by air) from New York to Rio de Janeiro (pop: 2,336,000) and the slightly smaller but faster-growing city of Sao Paulo 200 miles away, severely restrict the leisure hours he can spend with his wife and five children and his favorite recreations of farming and fishing. By skilful shuffling of available time, however, he manages to fulfil such varied duties as director of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, vice chairman of the University of Toronto's Board of Governors and trustee of the city's Hospital for Sick Children.

But his first interests are Canada and the country of 54 million people in which Canadians have such a large stake, 5,000 miles away.

The busy Mr. Borden's opinions, in fact, are best summed up by an extract from his speech to the Canadian Club earlier this year. "By investing abroad our capital, our technical knowledge and our managerial abilities", he said, "we have, in the case of Brazilian Traction, helped to create a highway of commerce with traffic flowing in two directions and benefitting two countries. There is, I believe, something of a pattern in this experience that Canadians should—and I believe will — follow in the future."

JOHN WILCOCK

•

"Miracle Mike"

That the era of the all-purpose dictating machine has arrived is the optimistic forecast of executives of Sonograph Limited, an all-Canadian company which recently launched a candle-sized device known as "Miracle Mike." In the highly competitive office equipment field—there were 27 firms manufacturing tape recorders on this Continent, at last count—labor-saving devices are important. Sonograph claims its latest model is unique in that it is the only one to combine all the machine's functions in one handy cylinder. Through the tubular microphone, a busy executive can not only record and play back but can also erase or correct any of his previous dictation. The magnetic tapes on the machine can be used over and over again.

•

Pulp and Paper

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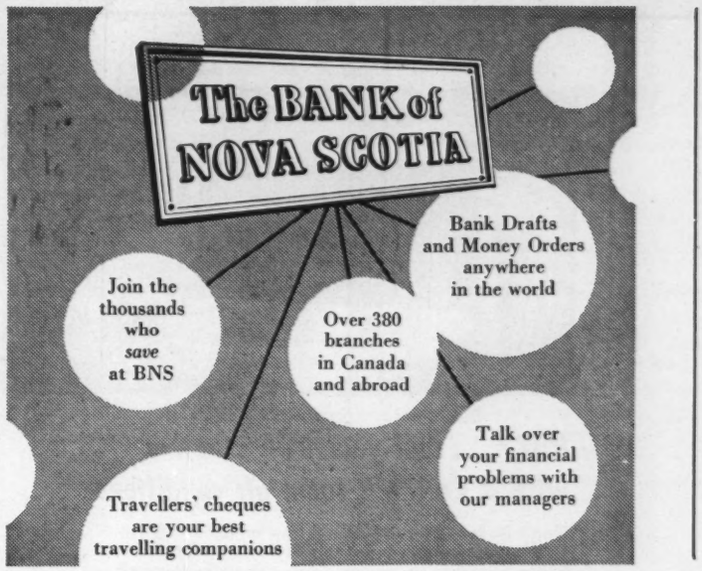
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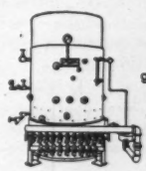

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CIRCUMSTANCES

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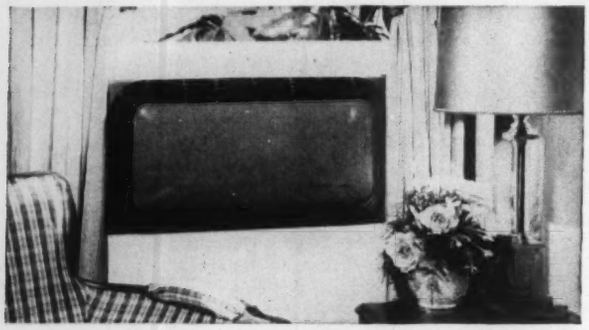

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Films

Disney: Fact and Fantasy

WALT DISNEY is usually at his best when he is working with a good, standard collaborator; for the Disney imagination left to itself tends, over the long stretch, to collapse into formlessness and violence. A sound substructure of fairy-tale or whimsy seems to be needed if the Disney fantasy is to be set free to improvise in its own fashion. The narrative then supports the invention, the invention enlivens the narrative, while even the familiar Disney faults of literalism and comic strip vulgarity tend to fade, or to merge and combine with the simplicity and violence of fairy-tale.

Alice in Wonderland defeated Disney, to be sure. But the Lewis Carroll classic is itself as formless as a dream, and any attempt to force it into a literal pictorial pattern was bound to bring bewilderment to Disney addicts and pain to Carroll admirers. Sir James Barrie's *Peter Pan*, on the other hand, might have been specially created for the Disney drawing-board, since it is filled with action — which Sir James himself borrowed from Robert Louis Stevenson — and with the sort of wit that is easily translated into imagery. As for the characters —Nana, the watch-dog nursemaid, Hook the Pirate, the Indians, the Lost Boys, the crocodile who swallowed the alarm-clock, and Peter Pan himself—they are all as much at home in the world of the animated cartoon as if Barrie had created them with exactly that idea in mind. (Peter Pan, for instance, looks rather like Li'l Abner in the current film version, with no sacrifice whatever of his identity as Peter Pan.)

The fairy, Tinker Bell, is perhaps a more debatable figure. On the stage, she is usually represented as a spark of dancing light. As Disney presents her, however, she is a bosomy and provocative little blonde, far closer to the fancy of the designers of naughty whisky tumblers than to the shy imagination of Sir James Barrie. Disney's Tinker Bell would probably have made Sir James blush furiously, and so would the school of mermaids in Never Never Land. On the other hand, he would certainly have approved of Captain Hook and his pirate associates, all of them logical, if ferocious, extensions of the Barrie fancy. No doubt, too, he would heartily have endorsed Disney's Wendy, a rather priggish young character in a long, modest blue nightie.

While *Peter Pan* lacks the nursery-wallpaper prettiness of Disney's *Cinderella*, it is a spirited piece, crammed with invention, and often very funny. Though only occasionally decorative, it is good Disney, and certainly no discredit to Sir James Barrie.

Bear Country, the accompanying short, is another of Disney's astonishing Nature Studies. This one follows the habits of hibernating creatures throughout the year, with special reference, of course, to bears, large and small. Seen at camera range, with someone else handling the camera, bears are here revealed as remarkably endearing creatures. In fact, Disney at his drawing-board never invented anything quite as touching and odd as the *Bear Country* sequence which shows a mother bear carefully treeing her two-year-olds and then lumbering regretfully off to leave them orphaned forever. This, apparently, is standard bear practice and a wise piece of maternal discipline, though rather hard on the young. The film shows the forlorn cubs clinging to the branches till hunger drives them down in search of food and so initiates them into adult bearhood. The rest of the film, though less affecting, is wonderfully observed and recorded, and is filled with the warm, half-anthropomorphic affection which Disney always infuses into animal pictures, whether drawn or photographed.

Man on a Tightrope is based on an actual adventure involving an entire circus which, in 1950, made the escape from East to West Germany. The locale in the screen version of the story has been shifted to Czechoslovakia, with Fredric March as the harassed circus proprietor who organizes and carries through the break. The film version was written by Robert Sherwood, and the picture itself was directed by Elia Kazan. Both are accomplished hands at this sort of thing, and *Man on a Tightrope*, in spite of a rather slow and confused opening, is a superior piece of work. In addition to Mr. March, the cast includes Gloria Grahame as the circus proprietor's discontented wife, a pair of juveniles (Cameron Mitchell and Terry Moore), and Adolphe Menjou, the latter as the overcrafty head of the propaganda department. Even people who ordinarily feel rather apathetic towards circus stories aren't likely to be bored by this one.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Ice cream took a licking (Sunday) in Russia, Moscow radio reported. The broadcast said it was so hot that street vendors did a terrific business. Thirsty Muscovites consumed 1,100,000 bottles of beer.—*U.P. report in the Toronto Globe and Mail.*

Muscovites, sweltering in temperatures well above 80, Sunday consumed 2,300,000 bottles of beer . . . Moscow Radio reported.—*Reuters report in the Toronto Daily Star, the same day.*

And what was Moscow Radio's consumption?

Gerald Campbell of Ashley and Crippen

STARS *and socialites get together at a Toronto summer "Prom" concert: left to right, Faye Emerson, Mrs. Patrick Cassels, Conrad Thibault, Mrs. Kenneth Carter and Mrs. H. M. Bruce.*

Women

CHATTING *with Farley Granger on the Niagara Falls Summer Theatre set: left to right, Lady Greta Oakes, of Niagara Falls; Farley Granger; Anne Sharp, recent Ontario Ladies' Golf champion; Lois Clemens, of Niagara Falls; debutante Jill Rankin, of St. Catharines; and the theatre's U.S. producer, Maude Franchot.*

Frank O. Seed

Conversation Pieces:

THIS WEEK sees the opening of the Stratford (Ont.) Shakespearean Festival. It wouldn't surprise us if the headgear for *Richard III*, designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and created by clever milliner Lily Jamon of Toronto, doesn't become a feminine trend; especially the soft crowned, peacock blue felt hat worn by Alec Guinness, with its front "beak," its brim of fur and its jaunty back feathers.

Manitoba has a new ladies' golf champion. She is Doreen (Mrs. Jack) Brown, of Winnipeg, a tennis player turned golfer.

Rose Marie is being filmed again. The last time it was done, the stars were Jeanette MacDonald, who was a recent visitor to Toronto, and Nelson Eddy. This time there are no famous singing stars, and the scenery ought to steal the show. Scenes are being shot at Jasper.

According to Harvey Berlin, noted U.S. dress designer, we are in for a "bosomy" period. "We like our women to look pretty and healthy, not sulky and anaemic," Mr. Berlin explains.

Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars has a new local star, socialite Wendy Martin, who is also an expert horsewoman, golfer and tennis player. A few months ago, when James Melton was in the city, she sang for him. He was so impressed he had her sing with him at his concert on the following night. In the group picture (top of page 26) she looks a little like Barbara Ann Scott.

We ran across an interesting addition to salad dressing, from Mattli, one of London's top eleven fashion designers: "Carefully peel some celeriac—it's rather knobbly, so care is needed—and grate it into solidly thick home-made mayonnaise."

Some copies of last week's SATURDAY NIGHT were off the press before we discovered we had been lured by an association of ideas into an error. We said Maida Parlow French was the author of *Thorn Apple Tree*. Grace Campbell, of course, wrote *Thorn Apple Tree*, and Mrs. French wrote *Boughs Bend Over*.

Two scholarships were won by Ingeborg Hahn, supervisor at Montreal's Jewish General Hospital, one from the Quebec Department of Health and one from the Association of Nurses of the Province of Quebec.

New head of the Department of Household Science, University of Toronto, is a Westerner. Dr. Barbara McLaren was born at High River, Alta., and graduated from the University of Alberta.

Marriages: Diane March Carlson, of Boston, Mass., to Francis Spencer Lewin, of Cornerbrook, Newfoundland, grandson of the late W. Dale Harris, of Ottawa; Margaret Elaine Horsburgh, daughter of the Mayor of Berwick, NS, to William Seward Neil, of Noel Shore, NS; Margaret Nell Lewis, of Nanaimo, BC, to Dr. Aubrey Charles Tanner, of Whitehorse, Yukon.

This week-end, Laurentian visitors will be able to attend the Ste. Adele Horse Show.

A grandmother who speaks fluent French, English and Italian, is making a second try for a seat in Parliament. She is Madame Thérèse Casgrain, of Montreal, a CCF candidate.

Mrs. Mary Cameron, of MacGregor Clinic, Hamilton, Ont., was general chairman of the joint meeting of the American, and Canadian Societies of radiological technicians, held recently in Toronto.

Said gourmet Duncan Hines (a writer of books on where to eat and where to stay) during a Montreal survey: "Anyone who can't be satisfied with meals in Montreal, can't be satisfied at all." But Toronto still holds an ace-in-the-sleeve: Winston's Theatre restaurant, with its citation from *Holiday*.

JOAN RIGBY

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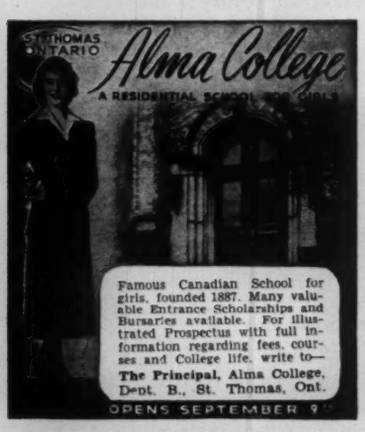

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CONGRATULATING *Vancouver's Wendy Martin (seated front), after her starring role in "The Desert Song", Theatre Under the Stars: left to right, Mrs. Wilf Stokvis, producer William Buckingham, Mrs. John Hannah and Mrs. Gordon Haskins, all of Vancouver.*
Photo by Skipsey

AT LEFT
Visitors, at the entrance to Melody Fair, Toronto: left to right, singer Jeanette MacDonald, there to see husband Gene Raymond; Mrs. G. E. Stranks, of Ottawa, and Mrs. "Monty" Lampard, of Toronto.
Photo, Ashley and Crippen

ABOVE
On the opening night set, Gravenhurst, Ont.: standing, Mrs. Gordon Aitken, wife of the Rotary President, and Mrs. Bruce Findlay, both of Gravenhurst; and left to right, Straw Hat Players Norma Renault, Rose Oslender and Sully Corth.

Audiences Meet the Stars

IN THE LOUNGE *of Montreal's Mountain Playhouse: left to right, N. P. Pitt, producer Norma Springford, radio's Don McGill, Joan McGill and Mrs. Pitt, all of Montreal.*
Photo by Bier

Diplomat's Wife

A FEW weeks from now, a tall slender woman will say goodbye to her official home in Washington and return to Canada. She is Joyce Wrong, wife of Hume Wrong, who was recently appointed Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs.

The Wrongs have spent 18 years of their married life in Washington, latterly in the Canadian Embassy, a spacious building which, in its decorative scheme and furnishings, reveals much of Mrs. Wrong's own quiet good taste.

The National Gallery of Canada loaned the Wrongs a fine collection of Canadian paintings for the Embassy. In the entrance hall there is an oil by Emily Carr, and a Quebec winter scene by Albert H. Robinson which suits exactly the mental picture many Americans have of Canada. And there are paintings by others than Canadians. At a formal dinner the Wrongs gave in the large oval dining room, John Foster Dulles took a particular liking to a northern scene and asked the name of the artist.

With a twinkle in her eye, Mrs. Wrong replied, "Alice Acheson, Dean Acheson's wife."

Embassy life is an exacting routine. On a recent motor trip to Canada, the Wrongs stopped at motels and picnicked along the way. It meant the telephone couldn't reach them. For a couple of days no one knew where they were. Otherwise they are at the beck and call of officialdom, out-of-town visitors, the press, charity donation-seekers and ambitious Washington hostesses.

"Many of my friends back home in Toronto seem to think my life begins and ends with a series of glamorous parties, with not a care or a worry," Mrs. Wrong said. "The truth is, much as I love it, the job is plain hard work." Maintaining a large residence is a time-consuming operation. Things are always getting broken, misplaced or damaged; servants have to be trained; official functions arranged.

ON THERE just isn't time for Mrs. Wrong to do the many things she'd like to do. If she has a couple of hours to spare, she drives out to the Chevy Chase Club and plays a solitary round of golf. She loves the game, but whether she shoots in the seventies or the nineties is a well-kept secret. She plays "at" the piano, claiming to know six pieces which she has learned from her children's book of piano compositions. (The children are grown up now; the son is at Princeton, the daughter married and living in Tokyo.)

Mrs. Wrong loves gardens, but not gardening. The Embassy garden is magnificent, with a stone terrace and a gently sloping lawn, which affords complete privacy. One of her hobbies is to attend auction sales and bid for old pieces of furniture. Sundays, the Wrongs like nothing better than to pack a picnic lunch and take off for the Blue Ridge Mountains.

I asked Mrs. Wrong if she had organized the Canadian Embassy wives into groups, to meet regularly

Harris and Ewing

MRS. HUME WRONG

to sew or play bridge. "Heavens, no!" she said. "They're here to get to know the Americans. We prefer them to mix, rather than stay together in tight little Canadian groups." I have been told by several of the wives that she puts herself out no end to help find houses for newcomers; makes them feel at home in every way she can.

Mrs. Wrong professes to have little interest in clothes, and grumbled because she had so many to pack. But her taste is flawless. She prefers black, grey or white for evening. A favorite ball gown is a fitted ivory satin strapless top with matching bouffant skirt in frothy net, embellished with an appliquéd design, and complete with a halo stole. A black gown is made on similar lines, the skirt being lined in strawberry pink satin.

Her father, Maurice Hutton, was professor of Greek and principal of University College, University of Toronto. She attended Havergal College until she was 15, when she was sent to school at Terretet, near Lausanne, Switzerland. Then, with her mother and sister, she spent two winters in Paris and attended the Sorbonne.

During the First World War, Joyce Hutton trained as a medical masseuse in London and worked in a French military hospital. Later she returned to Toronto and spent the rest of the war doing her specialized work in military hospitals.

In 1922 she married a tall young professor of history, whose father, George M. Wrong, wrote the official Ontario high school history books. Five years later her husband was posted to Washington, as first secretary to the Canadian Legation. They were there ten years, then went to Geneva, to the League of Nations. Next came London. They stayed there through the blitz, and afterwards they were sent back to Washington. They have been there eight years now. So it will be quite a wrench when the official goodbyes have been said and they leave for Ottawa.

JOYCE TEDMAN AUSTIN

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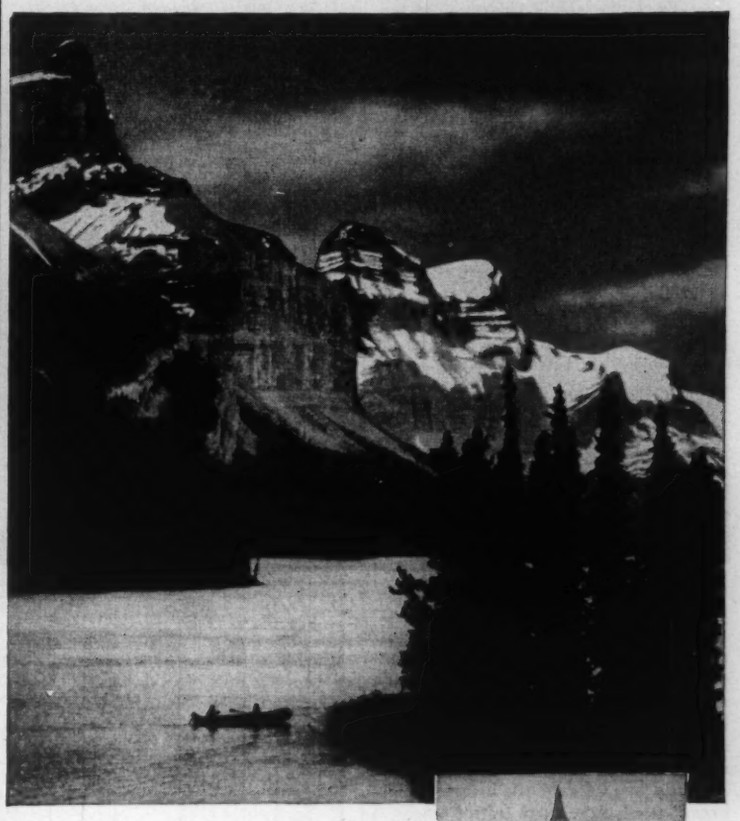

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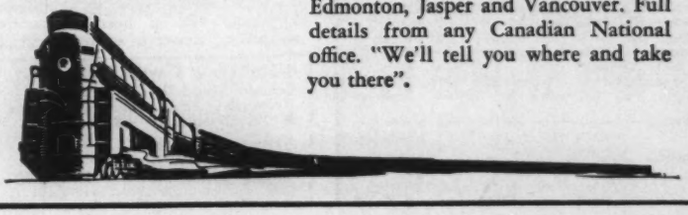

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With Reference To . . .

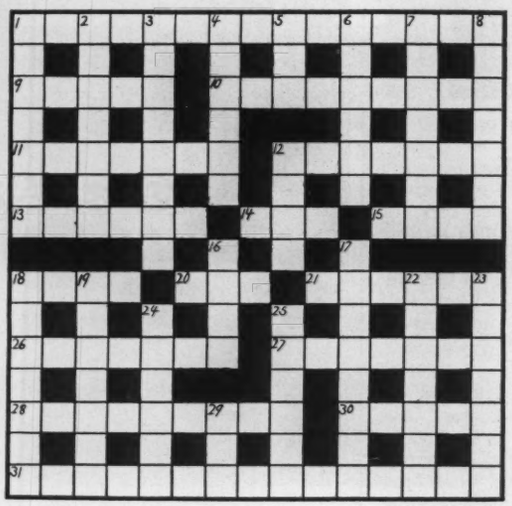
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Culture, to a louse, should make a difference to him as an artist. (8-7)
9. See 25
10. He led "a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium". (9)
11. They put off the evil moment. (7)
12. Such an old pet a frog could be! (7)
13. South American stringed instrument? It may be deafening when it's for a big shot. (6)
14. See 20
15. It prevented Ignatius from declaring "There are no flies on me". (4)
18, 21. It seems 1 across is still drawing theatre folk, with his help. (4, 6)
20, 14. How the veteran of Agincourt will stand when Crispian is named. (3-3)
21. See 18 across.
26. Coin of the cargo of the "Stately Spanish Galleon". (7)
27. Crave to be a ham? (7)
28. The hat Winston wears hides those of this appearance. (9)
30. To do as others do in the city would be natural to him. (5)
31. This might account for an encrusted nail. (1,6,2,3,3)

DOWN

1. Responsible for overhead expenses of Moslems. (7)
2. It isn't, for 19 to appear at an 8. (7)
3. Tea's over, which is disappointing for one who does. (8)
4. Don't be dense about this! (6)
5. Half a league to the meadow. (3)
6. One does this to one's self to attain Father William's incessant position. (6)
7. Gran is going round with nothing on in Burma. (7)
8. After study, it's a sure thing to give this in a noteworthy manner. (7)
12. It's the last word in clue 10. (4)
16, 29. Just the cocktail to give you a lift (to the hoosegow, perhaps). (7)
17. Concerning a hunt for knowledge. (8)
18. It's a rum place to start making jam. (7)
19. Spaghetti makes a fiddling rhyme! (7)
22. Did it give guidance to the highwayman? (4, 3)
23. Reunite followers. (7)
24. A ticket on a runner in the greyhound races? (3-3)
25, 9. In which 1 across was screened as part of the Red millions of France? (6, 5)
29. See 16.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Political asylum
9, 25. Liberal leaders
10. Minimum
11. Torrent
12. Intrude
13. Chef
15. Tang
16. Rages
18. Sepia
19,1 down. Body politic
21. Drew
24. Noodles
25. See 9
27. Brigade
28. Finance
29. General election

DOWN

1. See 19 across
2. Labor
3. Tories
4. Cold tea
5. Limping
6. Senators
7. Limburger
8. Members
14. Explosion
17. Fall fair
18. Sandbag
19. Boswell
20. Doleful
22. Western 23. Tannic
26. Ennui (270)

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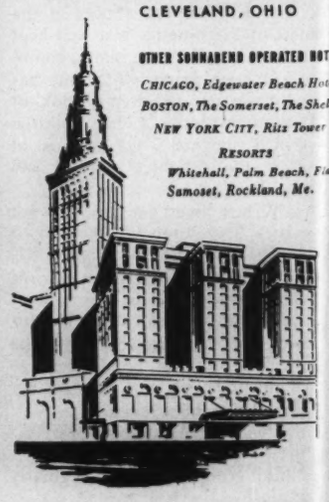

Lighter Side

Vacation Plans

RECENTLY I came across a list of new refinements for motor-car travel. Since this is the vacation season it seemed a good time to pass some of them on to the readers.

For instance, there is the Autograph, a watch for motorists, with dials to record elapsed time on trips (with corrections for time out), to keep track of gas consumption, count golf scores, and, if necessary to allot sandwiches fairly between front and rear passengers. Thus at the end of each day's run you will be able to check exactly the length of the wasted intervals — the times you paused to study road-maps, to identify prothonotary warblers, to let Aunt Ivy off for Orangeville, to investigate when someone thought she smelled something burning, etc.

The advantages of the Autograph are obvious, and rather negligible. It performs much the same function as a well-itemized check book. It doesn't save anything, but at least it lets you know where it all went.

Then there is the Kaffeemacher, put out by an enterprising German firm. Hooked into your instrument panel, the Kaffeemacher immediately goes to work. The water boils, the Kaffeemacher whistles, the cup is filled and yielded, and you drink as you travel, thus putting one over on that busy little snoop, the Autograph, which won't be able to clock a lapsed second against you.

In case you want a snack to go with the coffee, you can, by choosing your route, come on a Robot Cook. The Robot Cook, which operates a Raytheon Radar stove, will present you with a hamburger, a hot dog or a baked ham sandwich in fifteen seconds, by Autograph, after you have dropped your coin in the slot.

You are now equipped to make use of every second of your cherished vacation. You have your cup of hot coffee from the Kaffeemacher in one hand, your Raytheon Radar baked ham sandwich in the other, and are, presumably steering with your elbows. In the meantime, and if there is still space left on the instrument panel, an automatic potato peeler (Home-a-Peel) is busy getting the vegetables ready for the next meal.

With all this going on, it is to be hoped that the vacationist won't run into one of the more complicated clover-leaf intersections which demand that a motorist keep all his wits about him. If he does, he will probably continue to travel in circles until coffee, baked sandwich, gasoline and finally the motorist himself are all exhausted and only the Autograph is left, ruthlessly recording the loss of vacation seconds, the hopeless intransigence of Time.

Let's see now, have I left any vacation equipment out? Ah yes, the new stereocamera which the motorist's wife is sure to want to take along. Later she will be able to entertain her friends with the record of the trip . . . "This is Howard in Three D, dancing in the road after he turned the wrong knob and spilled the Kaffeemacher down his trousers . . . This is Howard when he finally got mad and wrecked the Autograph."

This summer we shall probably stay at home and lock the car in the garage.

It won't be an uneventful vacation, however. For instance, every evening between five-thirty and six-thirty there will be the routine car-crash on our corner.

Usually this crash involves a truck and a taxi, though occasionally a passenger car mixes in and is thrown against the old corner elm tree to teach it a lesson. Simple and multiple fractures abound and the crowd gathers quickly in the costumes, hasty but apt, suitable to inspecting a sudden disaster on a warm summer evening. This is Community Hour on our corner, and sometimes the Yummy Man joins us and does a roaring business with ice-cream sandwiches. We linger about for an hour or so, waiting for one or other of the overturned vehicles to catch fire (they never do), and meanwhile exchanging sentiments on mortality, and later, when the excitement has died down, on top-soil cultivation. Sociability reigns till the police officer finally folds his little black book and the crippled cars limp off or are towed away. It is a dull summer evening that doesn't bring a corner accident; dull, but relaxing.

MY second vacation plan is to disconnect the radio. It would simplify things still further if the inventors, so busy with schemes to increase the speed and turmoil of life, would work out, instead, a remote-control device for shutting off all the neighbor's radios.

And finally I intend to bring my Great-Aunt Mary's stereopticon set down from the attic.

Aunt Mary was a great collector of stereopticon slides. Her taste ran to Biblical subjects and to studies of the Holy Land, very flat, bare and rocky, and photographed in rather dismal sepia. Some oddity in her nature, however, led her to invest occasionally in domestic comedy studies. These usually showed a wildly dishevelled bed-room — lacy drawers flung over chairs, corset strings trailing the floor, the gleam of porcelain under the bed. There was usually a lady in the bed and a nightgowned male approaching it, though the caption was innocent enough. "Last in bed puts out the light!" That sort of thing.

Aunt Mary's stereopticon set will provide all the Three D entertainment I require during vacation.

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The Backward Glance

65 Years Ago This Week
In Saturday Night

IN 1888 the wages of sin around Toronto was publication in SATURDAY NIGHT, especially if the sinner was a well-known public figure. The following is the lead editorial from the front page of SATURDAY NIGHT for July 21, 1888. Its vituperation has never been improved upon, to our knowledge, even by the present-day Canadian tabloids. We will quote it in full as an illustration of Victorian journalism in Canada:

"In the history of George Jarvis, the third chapter in his downward career has been reached. First, the sins which society did not punish with its ostracism, because they were not open and flagrant; second, when he discarded even the cloak of decency and ran away from his wife with a woman unfit to touch the pure lips of his children; third, his incarceration in a police cell, for what in law and in the none too strenuous public opinion of our easily divorced neighbors is held to be a crime.

"When a man acts as Jarvis did in leaving Toronto he burns his bridges behind him, and this, in a matter of morals, is certain to lead to greater depths of degradation. At the time of his departure I took occasion to make a few remarks as to the future in store for him and the partner of his guilt. The quick fulfillment of what was suggested as the probable future of the man who has been unfaithful to his wife and the woman who has been unfaithful to herself and a shame to her sex, should lead to the application of the natural laws which govern all those who outrage the conventionalities and choose for themselves a life of open shame. He soon wearied of her, and left her to look after herself. She soon forgot him and married a man who, according to the evidence given at their trial, was not too proud to eat the bread of his wife's paramour. Tiring of the Dead Sea fruits of promiscuous vice, Jarvis returns to his mistress again, and she to him, and together they are cast amongst the drunks and degraded wretches of the police cells, where they were no doubt initiated into a still lower life.

"With the smell of the jail on their clothes, bearing with them wherever they go the taint of their public dishonor, seeing each other's falsity in every look, remembering the lies they have spoken when one voice answers the other, with nothing of purity to revere, no pride to preserve, no self-respect to esteem, no faith to hold fast, with love replaced by shameless lust, even in peaceful moments their caresses are but those of the harlot, and their endearments the pretence of the hypocrite. For such a life as this who would exchange the purity of even an unhappy home?

"But the end is not yet; when the other chapters are written, and they will be but short, other horrors will be added to prove that " 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' "

This little dandy was written by Edmund E. Sheppard, the founder of this magazine. It gave, we feel certain, a lop-sided portrait of George Jarvis and his lady-friend, but a revealing one of Sheppard, who was a stern moralist but given to excesses of moral indignation, which caused him much trouble in later years. We don't know what happened to Jarvis and his mistress; perhaps they moved to Montreal and raised a fine family of twelve children, all faithful subscribers to SATURDAY NIGHT.

In the column of births, marriages and deaths, called, appropriately enough, The Cradle, The Altar and The Tomb, we read that on July 11, 1888, in Lowell, Mass., Walter E. H. Massey of Toronto married Susie N. Denton of Boston.

Anyone with an itchy foot could follow Greeley's advice very cheaply that year, and could travel from Eastern Canada to the wild and woolly West for only $28, and return. The catch was that the trip had to be made by Colonist Excursion train, and the Western terminus was Moosomin.

Three sporting events were scheduled for the afternoon of July 21: a baseball game between Toronto and Troy at 3.30 p.m. at the Ball Grounds, a cricket match between Toronto and Gooderham & Worts at the Toronto Cricket Club at 3 p.m. (we'd have a hard time knowing which of *those* teams to cheer for), and there was to be a lacrosse game between Toronto and Brants at Rosedale Field, also at 3 p.m.

There had been no change in the team standings in the International League during the previous week. Syracuse was leading the League (actual standings were not given), and the other teams were Toronto, London, Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Hamilton and Troy.

An item lower down the column intrigued us. It was: "Big Fred Lewis has received his walking papers. He was in his day a good man, as good a man as any, but he succumbed and had to go. Mansell, the big centre fielder who was released by Hamilton on Monday, will take Lewis's place. He is a good man, but a desire to get away from Hamilton seriously interfered with his effectiveness."

We'd like to know what Lewis succumbed to. Was it the blight, avarice, a woman's charms, or the demon rum? And secondly, did Mansell really want to leave Hamilton so much that he couldn't play ball there? Maybe he had been talked to by the Toronto management beforehand, and pulled this gag about wanting to leave Hamilton, knowing full well that Lewis was going to get the gate. I suppose we'll never know.

THE SOCIETY COLUMN threw a dart or two at marriages of convenience between European nobility and wealthy American girls. This was brought on by the recent marriage of a young American widow "with millions", Mrs. Hamersley, to the Duke of Marlborough.

The columnist said, in part, "The glamor of a title has blinded many a fair girl and brought her to misery. Scoundrels who were little better than serfs in their own countries have succeeded in effecting rich prizes among American girls of wealth and beauty. The unfortunate marriages were frequently traceable to ambitious mothers who had forgotten their humble origin in the enjoyment of newfound wealth, and who instigated the matches."

That should hold a serf such as the Duke of Marlborough.

Here is a sample of the humor of 1888: "The young barrister who has no briefs for a law start is a lost art."

And an eyebrow-lifting item in the Personal Column: "Mr. William Hamilton, manager of the Waterworks Department, took the Benedictine vows on Tuesday last, and numerous friends and acquaintances offer their distinguished considerations and best wishes to himself and bride."

Including the Roman Catholic clergy?

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 68 NO. 41 WHOLE NO. 3141

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Contributing Editors, James Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York). Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee P. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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